

RESCUED *by* A PRINCE



CLEMENT ELDRIDGE

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RESCUED BY A PRINCE



BY

CLEMENT ELDRIDGE

(*Captain Nautilus*)

Author of "THE BOY CAPTAIN," etc.

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK AKRON, O. CHICAGO
THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING CO.

1907

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Made by
Robert Smith Printing Co.,
Lansing, Mich.

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CHAPTER I.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY

“WELL, my dear, have you found the position of the ship this morning?” inquired Captain Willis, of the clipper ship “Helen,” as his wife made her appearance on deck, followed by a bright little boy of about five years.

“Ess, papa, we’s tose to de Tanbells Islands. What’s tanbells, papa? Mama won’t tell me,” said the little fellow, with an injured look on his earnest, upturned face.

“Cannibals, my boy,” said Captain Willis, catching up Captain Harry, as the sailors called him, and seating him on his shoulder, “are people who live on some of these small islands. They don’t build great houses and have horses and carriages the way we do at home, and it is so warm where they live that they don’t wear any clothes. Sometimes all the men on one island go in their big boats, and fight with the men on some other island.

If they catch any of the men they are fighting with they take them back to their home, where they kill and eat them the way we kill and eat chickens, and because these wild men eat other wild men we call them cannibals."

The expression of horror on the face of Mrs. Willis prevented any further explanation concerning the habits of cannibals, and, much to Harry's disappointment, Captain Willis placed the little fellow on deck saying, "Run and play with Darkey; he will look out for Captain Harry."

"Darkey tan eat tanbells, tant you Darkey?" said Harry, throwing his arms around the neck of his friend and playmate. Then, while his light curls mingled with the black shaggy coat of the great dog, the child confidentially told Darkey all about the "tanbells," adding, as if Darkey doubted his statement, "'Tis so, Darkey, for de ole man says 'tis."

"What put that cannibal idea into his head? I have not heard that word used during this voyage," said the Captain, watching the great Newfoundland dog, whose color had suggested the name "Darkey," in his play with the little boy.

"I did," quietly replied Mrs. Willis, looking over the broad expanse of water, where it appears to touch the sky, as if expecting some unwelcome visitor. When she had made the entire sweep of the horizon she placed the glass under her arm in true nautical style, and continued: "After working out the longitude from the

altitudes you gave me this morning, I went into the chart room to point off the position of the ship. I found that at the time of observation we were about halfway between the east coast of Australia and New Caledonia, and that if we hold our course we will pass not more than two degrees west of that French penal colony. When I discovered that after passing New Caledonia our course lies within a few miles of Stewart Island, I was so surprised that I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Why, that is one of the Cannibal Islands!' Harry, as he sat on the chart, marking off, with red ink, a track of his own, overheard the exclamation and grew quite indignant because I would not explain to his satisfaction. So he rushed on deck to ask 'my papa.' "

"I cannot see any reason why you should feel anxious because we may pass within a hundred miles of a colony of French convicts, as securely guarded as if they were inside of prison walls, or why our passing near Stewart's Island, which was surveyed many years ago and marked 'cannibal' on a chart older than you, should cause such gloomy forebodings," said Captain Willis, intently watching his wife.

"I am not trying to reason it out; I am governed by a more potent force than logic. My subconscious thought, or intuition, or whatever you may call it, warns me of impending trouble this voyage," replied the Captain's wife, in such a determined manner that Captain Willis had no desire to treat lightly, as he

had done many times, what he called "woman's intuition."

"Danger and trouble are a sailor's inheritance," said the Captain, endeavoring to cheer his wife. "We meet them every day in the shape of storms, hidden reefs, and mutinous sailors. Without these little diversions, a sailor's life would become monotonous, and we would soon be like the prosaic tiller of the soil."

"We have never had to deal with pirates or cannibals, and if we should fall into the hands of those man-eating savages—O! they would surely eat Harry first, right before our eyes, and we powerless to prevent it," exclaimed the Captain's wife, with a look of anguish that startled the Captain.

"What makes you think they would eat him first, or even harm him, if we should fall into their power? He is not large enough to supply a cannibal feast. I am not governed by intuition, but my reason would teach me that they would be more likely to adopt him and invest him with all the tribal rights and prerogatives. Who knows but he may become a King of the Cannibal Islands, and you the mother of a King?" said the Captain, again seeking to allay his wife's fears by his jocular remarks.

"O Frank! how can you talk so lightly on such a serious subject!" Then, unable to control her feelings, she turned and entered her cabin, while "Cap-

tain Harry," who was romping the deck with Darkey, had forgotten all about "tanbells."

Notwithstanding the light manner in which Captain Willis had treated his wife's fears, he was ill at ease, and a sigh escaped his lips as she disappeared. Knowing her emotional nature, he did not follow, but turned and paced the deck in a thoughtful mood. Not yet thirty, he had commanded a ship for eight years, and had visited all parts of the world, meeting dangers in every form. His wife, three years his junior, no less brave and as good a navigator as himself, had, on three different occasions, saved his life by her coolness and daring amid great danger. Now that she, for the first time during the seven years in which she had been his constant companion, showed apprehension of danger, unnerved him. The idea that anything could happen that would imperil the lives of his wife and boy never entered his mind. He was prepared to make the best of whatever came his way. "She must be growing nervous," he thought. "And why not?" he exclaimed aloud, as he stopped short in his walk, surprised that he had not thought of it before. Had she not passed through many trying scenes, and shamed the bravest sailor in time of danger? He had only thought of the heroic side of her nature, and did not realize what heroism it required to force that slender, nervous form to such

marvelous feats of bravery and endurance. She was always present at the right time and place; but when the danger had passed, her finer nature would assert itself, and she would sink off into a death-like swoon that for hours would baffle the efforts of the ship's entire company to bring her back to life. Captain Willis was so absorbed in thinking over some of the many stirring adventures of the past seven years, in which his wife had always appeared as the central character, that he did not notice she had returned to the deck, and, with all traces of her former anxiety banished, stood watching him with mingled tenderness and sympathy.

"If I can judge from the telltale expression on your face, *you* do not fully appreciate the great honor of some day seeing your only son a King of the Cannibal Islands," said Mrs. Willis, with a sad smile that troubled her husband more than he was willing to admit.

"My darling wife," he replied, as he tenderly placed his arm around her waist and began to promenade the quarter-deck, "this must be for you a very sad and lonely life: always away from your kindred and friends; deprived of the comforts of a home upon the land; tossed about at the will of the waves, ever changing, never resting; today in a storm that fills you with dread and anxiety, tomorrow in a calm that is irritating almost beyond human endurance;

now suffering under a tropical sun, later shivering in a frigid zone; surrounded by rough, but brave, true-hearted sailors, and subject to dangers every day of your life that would cause the hair of a landsman to turn white and even take the kinks out of the knotted wool on an African's head."

"Why will you continue to talk so lightly about what I consider a very serious matter?" queried his wife in a reproachful tone.

"I never was more serious in my life," replied the Captain. "During the last half hour I have been thinking over our life for the past seven years, and am converted,—experienced a change of heart, as the preacher would call it, and as I cannot go to sea without you, have decided that this shall be our last voyage." Mrs. Willis made no reply, but her eyes filled with tears. "Until this time," the Captain continued, "I have thought only of the exhilarating life of a sailor, as free and not unlike the wind that blows, sometimes in gentle zephyrs, only rippling the waters, then again in an angry mood, lashing old ocean into foam and transforming its smooth surface into mountain-like waves with valleys between, leaving death and destruction in its path. It will be hard to part company with this noble ship," he said, as he gazed fondly upon the tall masts and long spars supporting clouds of white canvas, with a pride that

only a true sailor can feel, "but, if we cannot find contentment here we will seek it elsewhere. Happiness is the supreme desire of all creatures; it is the sole object of creation, or life is a failure."

"I have never complained," she replied softly, "and while you follow this dangerous life I shall feel it my duty to sail with you. But you have never tried any other occupation, and it may not be so distasteful as you imagine."

"Life ashore is not all pleasure, with its ceaseless round of gayeties and social obligations. I never leave port but I am heartily glad to get away from the sharp business practices, and canting hypocrisies of the 'first families' who entertain and lionize us for the percentage on the business we bring to them, and treat our honest business methods as stock jokes till the next ship arrives," said Captain Willis, with a look of contempt on his honest face. "But," he continued in a gayer tone "we will make the most of this voyage, visit for the last time the heathen Chinese, and bid a last farewell to the restless little Japs. We will beat off the cannibals, and perhaps have a brush with some of those pirates, just to keep our hand in and have something startling to tell to our grandchildren."

"Don't talk so, Frank, it makes me tremble to think of what dangers there may be in store for us.

We may never reach home. I know something terrible will happen."

"What is the matter with you, little woman? You seem to be losing your nerve," said Captain Willis, with a tremor in his voice which he endeavored to conceal. "Why, I would rather have you when we get into a tight place than the whole ship's company. If you lose courage I shall have no one to depend upon in time of danger."

"No, I am not losing my courage; you don't understand. You can depend upon me as long as there is any danger, but I shall be happy when we quit the sea forever. This nervous strain is too much for me."

"Quarter-deck a-h-o-y!" came from the lookout at the masthead.

"Hel-l-o," replied the Captain, while his wife, with a start, looked inquiringly at him, and Harry and Darkey came running aft.

"A ship's boat, sir, four points off the lee bow, flying a signal of distress."

"Keep your eye on the boat," replied the Captain; and then to the man at the wheel, "Keep her off four points."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the man at the helm."

"Dead ahead, sir!" shouted the man from the lookout, as the ship swung off obedient to her helm.

"Steady there," shouted the Captain.

"Steady, sir," replied the well-trained sailor.

Captain Willis seized his glass and quickly mounted the rigging to the maintop, while his wife slowly walked the deck, followed by little Harry and Darkey, his constant companion.

CHAPTER II.

ESCAPING CONVICTS

THE sighting of a ship at sea is a matter of great interest to a sailor; especially in that part of the ocean where for weeks not a form is outlined against the receding horizon, and the eye becomes weary with its constant search for some speck to break the monotony of that continuous, briny plain, encircled by the rim of the great dome of heaven, which appears to be held over it by some invisible power, with the ship ever in the center. But the meeting of an open boat in mid-ocean is an occasion so rare that it excites both curiosity and sympathy, for it indicates shipwreck, suffering, and even loss of life, either by drowning, if the ship went down, or by a fierce fight between officers and mutinous sailors; or, perhaps, the worst of all horrors, by starvation while drifting about on the pathless sea.

The cry from the man at the masthead went through the ship like an electric shock, and before the sound of his voice had died away every man was on deck, climbing the rigging to gain some

vantage point from which to obtain a view of the strangers.

The wind had been gradually dying out during the morning and was now very light. The ship, deeply laden with coal, scarcely under steerageway, was making but slow progress towards the object in which every one on board was intensely interested. The Captain, after completing his observations from the masthead, joined his wife on the quarter-deck, where all the officers of the ship had assembled, anxiously waiting to hear his report.

"Mr. Baker," said Captain Willis, addressing his chief officer, "take your glass and go to the top-gallant crosstrees and see if you can make her out."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the officer as he hastened away to execute the order, while the group on the quarter-deck speculated as to where a boat in these latitudes could come from. There had been no severe storm, and it was impossible for any ship to sink in the smooth waters of these tropical seas.

"Captain, what is your opinion about a boat at sea in these latitudes?" inquired Mr. Jones, the second officer, unable to remain silent any longer.

"That boat," replied the Captain, "is manned either by the victims of a mutiny or convicts from New Caledonia; but we have nothing to fear from either. If they are the unfortunate officers of some ship they need our assistance, and they will live to

bless the rascals that set them afloat on an open sea, instead of compelling them to 'walk the plank.' If they are convicts they have earned their freedom. We will supply them with provisions and water and send them on their way rejoicing."

"Quarter-deck a-h-o-y!" came from Mr. Baker at the masthead.

"Hel-l-o," responded the Captain, "can you make her out yet?"

"Ay, ay, sir, she's a ten-oared boat with eighteen men, pulling directly for us."

"All right, Mr. Baker, you may come down," replied the Captain; then to his wife, "That settles it; they are convicts making their escape from the island."

"What makes you think so?" anxiously inquired his wife.

"First, there are too many for the result of a mutiny. In such cases the officers are either given a free pass, by the way of the famous 'plank route,' to 'Davy Jones's locker,' or the use of a boat which often leads to the same destination. Second, if they were the mutineers, who had murdered their officers and scuttled the ship, they would avoid us instead of trying to attract our attention, and even pulling hard at the oars to reach us as quickly as possible."

"If they are convicts, would they not have reason to avoid us, fearing we might deprive them of the freedom for which they have risked so much, by send

ing them back to their island prison?" asked his wife, in some doubt as to the correctness of her husband's decision.

"No, the man who planned that job and has taken care of the enterprise, now half completed, is no ordinary person. They have run short of provisions a long way from land, without obtaining their freedom, and, with starvation staring them in the face, would prefer capture; but knowing the sympathy their precarious condition would naturally incite, they have no fears of meeting a merchant ship on the high seas."

"What you say may be logical, but do not overlook the fact that there are as many men in that boat as we have on board this ship, and that we may be in danger if they are not," said Mrs. Willis, with great alarm. "Give them what they want, but do not allow them to come on board."

"Why, my dear, there is not the slightest danger from a few starving men who are risking their lives for liberty. I declare I admire their nerve, but if you do not want them to come on board that settles it. Get up the capstan bars and a liberal supply of belaying pins, Mr. Baker, and prepare to repel boarders."

"You never see any danger, but what would have become of you if I had always shared your ideas?" said Mrs. Willis, as she took Harry by the hand and led him into the cabin, her eyes filled with tears.

"Missus is always right, Captain," said Mr. Baker, with some warmth, "and we 'would all have been stowed away in 'Davy Jones's locker' long ago if it had not been for her. She is the guardian angel of this ship, and we have never regretted taking her advice. She just gets at the facts in a way that knocks your reasoning all aback."

"Well," said Captain Willis, in a tone that indicated he was not well pleased with the remarks of his first officer, "if we allow a boat load of unarmed convicts to capture this ship, the sooner we find our proper berths under the briny, and make room for a better class of men, the better it will be for the race. Call all hands aft!"

"All hands lay aft on the quarter-deck!" called Mr. Baker, in the long-drawn sonorous tone of the regular nautical type, that would have won honor and promotion for a boatswain's mate on a man-of-war.

"Men," said the Captain, with a dramatical air, "we are about to receive a visit from a boat load of half-starved, and most likely unarmed men. I do not apprehend any danger, but to allay the fears of my wife, be on deck ready to turn to, and if you notice any signs of a squall stand by to lower away."

"Missus is allus right, Captain," interrupted a gray-haired old sailor, touching his cap, "three cheers for Missus."

After the cheering, which was given with a will by

the ship's company, the Captain continued, "I am ashamed to arm against these poor fellows, who want nothing of us more than we would willingly give to as many starving dogs, but until we get better acquainted with them keep your weather eye lifting."

The sailors left the quarter-deck and gathered around the capstan on the topgallant forecastle, the council chamber for all sailors, to discuss the question of the Captain's reasoning, or Missus' "just say so." They admired their Captain for his bravery and daring, but with the superstitious natures common to all sailors, they looked upon "Missus" as one endowed with a power to foretell coming events. "Missus is allus right" was their unanimous verdict, while the look of defiance on their weather-beaten faces, as they watched the approaching boat, boded no good to an enemy.

The cheering of the sailors brought the Captain's wife on deck just as her husband had finished his speech. Addressing her he said, smiling, "You see I am making all preparations for the enemy, even to the speech before the battle, but the men did not seem to appreciate my eloquent appeal to their bravery, for they interrupted me in the most affecting part of my speech by proposing three cheers for Missus, which so completely took the wind out of my sails that I fear I shall not recover in time to fight these convicts."

"I appreciate the precaution you have taken, which is of more value than strength, and may serve us much

better than your speech," said Mrs. Willis, apparently not noticing the cheerful manner of her husband.

The ship was now near enough to the boat to easily make out its occupants. Ten men were pulling lustily at the oars, six seated in the stern sheets, and two standing in the bows.

"The way those fellows pull that boat through the water is positive proof that they are not much weakened from starvation," said Captain Willis, laying down his glass as the men rested on their oars, while the boat, still under the impetus of the rowers, glided up under the stern of the ship.

"Boat a-h-o-y!" shouted Captain Willis.

"Hel-l-o" (in French), came the reply.

"Where are you from?"

"New Caledonia."

"Where are you bound?"

"Australia."

"What do you want?"

"Provisions and water."

"Pull up under the lee quarter," said Captain Willis. Then to a sailor, "Stand by there with a rope."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the sailor, continuing in an undertone, "I'd like to put a noose in it, and hang the frog eaters."

"Don't let them come on board, Frank," said the Captain's wife, laying her hand on his arm.

"How can I supply them with the actual necessities of life unless I permit them to come alongside. They are a rough-looking crowd," said the Captain, looking first at their soiled prison garb, then at their unshaven faces and croppy hair, "but I guess we can manage them."

As the boat was drawn up under the lee quarter, the Captain noticed an object lying on the bottom of the boat, which by its partial outlines would indicate the form of a person.

"Who is that on the bottom of the boat?" demanded the Captain of the man who appeared to be the leader.

"He is one of our company who has been sick ever since we left the land."

"Who is in command of this expedition?" asked Captain Willis.

"I have that honor, Monsieur le Capitain," answered the man who first responded to the Captain's hail, politely touching his cap.

"I shall be pleased to supply you with provisions and water, but cannot permit you to come on board," said Captain Willis, in a decided manner.

"We are in a position to fully appreciate your services, and accept your terms with pleasure, Monsieur le Capitain," returned the Frenchman, in such a polite and gracious manner as to disarm any suspicions of foul play. But the Captain's wife showed no

emotion. Her face was a study for an artist. While the crew were busily engaged breaking out, and making ready the provisions and water, the Captain was talking in a free and easy manner with the Frenchman, and casting fugitive glances at the form which lay motionless on the bottom of the boat.

"Can't we do something for your sick comrade?" asked the Captain.

"No, thank you, Monsieur le Capitain, he is only seasick, but if you will be kind enough to give me our position and the course and distance to the nearest point on the coast of Australia, you will do us the greatest favor in your power."

"Certainly," replied the Captain, "come on board and I will show you our position and your course to the nearest land."

The Frenchman climbed up the side of the ship and as he reached the deck the Captain greeted him with a hearty sailor's grip of honest comradeship. Turning to the Captain's wife, the Frenchman raised his cap and bowed in a most courtly style. She, however, did not take the slightest notice of his polite salutation. He was not prepared for this; his glance fell to the deck, his face flushed, and with a crestfallen look he followed the Captain to the chart room.

"Here," said the Captain, pointing to a speck on the chart before him, while the Frenchman stood

behind him looking over his shoulder, "is where we were this morning. We have made but twenty miles since on a Nor North East course, which will place us at the present time in this position." Applying his parallel rule and compasses, he continued, "Your course to the nearest land is West Sou West, distance——" Bang! came the report of a pistol. The Captain sprang from his seat; the Frenchman, with a long knife clutched in his hand, lay bleeding at his feet. At the door the Captain's wife, with a smoking revolver in her hand, stood for an instant, then started for the deck, snatching a hatchet from the bracket as she rushed up the companion way and made her way to the mizzen chains. A convict, who with others had gained the deck, anticipating her motive, seized her. Darkey sprang at his throat and forced him to the deck. One blow with the hatchet released the boat from the ship. Two ruffians who had nearly reached the deck dropped into the water and regained the boat, leaving seven of the rascals on deck. These were quickly subdued and double-ironed by the thoroughly enraged sailors.

The brave woman who had saved the ship, and no doubt the lives of all on board, gave one glance at the prisoners, a look of relief at the escaping boat, then fainted in her husband's arms.

"Mr. Baker," said the Captain, trembling with



THE FRENCHMAN, WITH A LONG KNIFE CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND,
LAY BLEEDING AT HIS FEET.

emotion as he gazed upon the deathlike face of his wife, "Keep that boat in sight. Tack ship as soon as she gathers way enough, and keep on the course of those pirates. They will need the water they overlooked in their hurry, after I get through with them."

CHAPTER III.

CAPTURE OF THE CONVICTS

THE wind, which had been gradually failing, died out, while the undulations of old ocean rolled on with no ripples on its glass-like surface, save those made by the convicts in their mad effort to escape; not a sound, save the clicks of the rowlocks from the fast receding boat which was growing fainter with every stroke of the oars, broke the stillness of a "calm at sea." The ship, rolling lazily in the trough of the gentle swell, with her snow-white sails flapping idly against the bright spars, casting changing shadows upon the holy-stoned deck, presented a marked contrast to the desperate situation of an hour before.

In the cabin, lying upon the transom, was the Captain's wife, her husband administering restoratives and chafing her hands, while around them silently stood every officer and sailor who was not required on deck, their heads uncovered, and tears coursing down their furrowed faces, waiting with intense anx-

iety for a sign of consciousness from the deathlike form before them.

"Mr. Jones, take a look at that cutthroat in the chart room. I had forgotten all about him," said the Captain.

With an inquiring look, first at the Captain, then in turn towards each officer and sailor, Mr. Jones replied, "Ay, ay, sir," and left the room to execute the order.

"There is no one in the chart room, sir," reported Mr. Jones, a moment later.

"There is no one in the chart room," mechanically repeated the Captain, in a low voice and hesitating manner. "I wonder where the villain is."

"What villain?" asked the astonished officer. "We have seven on deck in irons; the rest of the Parley-vous got away."

"Why! that ungrateful wretch my wife shot as he was about to plunge his knife into my neck, while I was pointing out to him his position on the chart, and giving him his course and distance to land and liberty. Call Mr. Baker."

"How many men are there in the boat?" inquired Captain Willis, as the first officer made his appearance at the companion way.

"Eleven, sir, and with the seven on deck make the full complement, except the sick man, who I believe was shamming."

"Why! don't any of you know that we had a skirmish in the chart room before the fight on deck?" inquired the Captain, in great surprise.

"Why should we know, Captain? We were all busy filling the casks and breaking out stores. There was no one aft but the man at the wheel, and he has lost his reckoning. Off his course and under jury mast, he got a broadside from some craft. The first thing we heard was a pistol shot, and the first thing we saw was the rascals climbing up the mizzen chains, and before we got our bearings, Missus cut the rope and set the pirate boat adrift, while we clubhailed the frog eaters in shipshape fashion."

"Is she coming around all right?" asked the rough old officer, wiping his eyes with his shirt sleeve.

"Yes," replied the Captain, "but she can't stand many more such rackets. I am afraid she will die in one of these spells," and covering his face with his hands, he sobbed as if his heart would break.

"If she dies she'll go right straight to heaven," said the officer, as he hurried on deck to hide his emotion.

"All hands to wear ship!" came the order from the deck. A sudden change came over the features of the group of sailors in the cabin, a fierce gleam shot from their eyes, the soft sympathetic lines of their

faces changed, as if by magic, into the stern, hard cast of brave and determined men; and with a sigh of relief, as they noticed the returning consciousness of their beloved Missus, they quickly but silently responded to the call.

The tramping of feet, creaking of yards, and rattling of blocks assured the Captain that a breeze was springing up, and that the officer of the deck was improving the first "cat's-paw" to bring the ship around and on the course of the boat which now had more than an hour the start.

"Under steerageway, sir," reported the officer down the companion way, "and the boat just in sight from the deck."

"All right, Mr. Baker, we will catch those pirates and supply them with water; they won't need any provisions." Then to his wife who, weak and exhausted, was reclining comfortably in an easy chair, "I am going to catch those rascals and hang every one of them from the yardarm before the sun goes down."

"Was any one killed?" she inquired wearily, paying no attention to the last remark of her husband.

"No, the man you shot, Jack who was at the wheel, and the Frenchman Darkey tackled, are the only ones wounded."

"Are they severely hurt?" she asked, showing considerable anxiety as to the condition of the wounded.

"Not much; Jack got a blow on his head that has

slightly interfered with his reasoning faculties, but will be around in a day or so. Darkey was not very careful of the Frenchman, which must have hurt his feelings, but that don't matter; he won't suffer long, for he will be snugly stowed away, with the rest of the pirate gang, in 'Davy Jones's locker' before the 'dogwatch.'"

"And the man I shot?" she inquired, while a deathly pallor again came over her face.

"Don't faint away on his account," said her husband, in great alarm, as he reached for the brandy flask, "you did not hurt him much; that little plaything of a pistol which you insist upon using cannot kill any one. You hit him just right to stun him for a moment, and then you cut the boat adrift just in time to pick him up as he escaped through the cabin window over the transom there. He must have left some tracks," said the Captain, as he arose to examine the window.

"I am so glad," she said in a low, sad tone, and with a sigh of relief. "It is terrible to destroy life; I am so tired of all this."

"Here," said the Captain, "are traces of blood on the woodwork above the transom, and here is the villain's knife," holding it up to the view of his wife. Then looking out of the window, he continued, "She is leaving quite a wake behind her; we are getting a breeze, and will soon overhaul those cutthroats."

And leaving his wife in care of her maid, he went on deck.

A light air had sprung up, and the ship was rolling gently and slatting along about three knots. Her sails would fill as she rose to the top of the swell then flap against the masts as she dropped again into the trough of the sea.

"Run out the studding sail booms, and send aloft topmast and topgallant studding sails," ordered the Captain, placing under his arm, sailor fashion, the glass through which he had been watching the black speck ahead, as it came into view when it and the ship were each on the crest of a swell.

"They are making good time," said Mr. Baker, as the ship responded to the extra spread of canvas.

"Yes," replied the Captain, "they are making about four knots, and these wings," glancing at the studding sails, "have evened us up on speed. They can't keep that up much longer, but they are plucky fellows; no ordinary cutthroats would have taken such desperate chances. How did they get on board and take us so completely unprepared? I declare it was the greatest surprise party that ever fouled my hawse. I shall never relate this incident as a brilliant episode, when swapping lies and spinning yarns; the mule driver of a canal boat would have the laugh on me."

"And we call ourselves deep water sailors. We are lubbers, and ought to be placed in some asylum

for idiots, and not allowed out of doors after dark," said Mr. Baker, with a comical expression and tone of contempt that created a ripple of laughter among the officers, "but the Lord takes care of those who can't take care of themselves."

"Call Jack aft; I see he has recovered enough to get on deck," said the Captain, as the sailor, with his head bandaged, came out of the forecabin and seated himself on the windlass bitts, "Perhaps he can tell us something about how easy it is for an unarmed boat to capture an American ship on the high seas, while the soft-hearted crew from Captain to cabin boy are engaged in missionary work."

"Well, Jack, how are you weathering it?" inquired the Captain, as he greeted the old salt with a hearty shake of the hand. "It looks as if you had been in collision with some lubberly craft, and damaged your headgear."

"Makin' rather a crooked wake, sir, and feel a bit top heavy," replied Jack, as he staggered up against the taffrail for support.

"Take a seat on the wheelbox, Jack, and tell me how you lost your reckoning."

"It was this way Captain. I sees you an' the pirate go below; then Missus, with that calm-like look that allus means somethin' follow in your wake. I knows a squall was comin', for Missus is allus

right. We had lost steerageway, but I stood at the wheel with my weather eye on the mizzen riggin', ready to give the signal if the lubbers showed their heads above the rail. I hears water drippin' behind me on deck an' turns just in time to see that blarsted frog eater, with the very belayin' pin I had laid on the wheelbox for my own use, raised over my head. That's the last I knows till a few minutes ago, an' I haven't got my bearin's yet."

"It's all clear sailing now, since Jack has thrown his search light on the mystery," said the Captain. "One of those pirates dropped overboard from the boat, the wheel was hard down, and as the ship was not moving through the water he caught hold of the rudder bolt, climbed on top of the rudder and reached the cabin window. From there it was an easy matter to make the taffrail; he then only had to watch his chance to get a blow at Jack, who was watching the mizzen rigging, which he did about the time my wife shot the fellow in the chart room."

"They are making sail, but we are overhauling them," said Mr. Baker.

"They are rigging up an old tarpaulin," said the Captain, looking through his glass. "I declare, I like their nerve; they are game to the last, but we'll have the whole crowd swinging from the yard-arm before the 'dogwatch' is out."

The wind gradually increased. The fugitives, seeing no hope of escape, took in their improvised sail, laid on their oars, and waited for the ship to come up. The studding sails were taken in, the courses hauled up, main topsail laid aback, and the ship brought to a short distance to leeward of the boat.

"Come alongside, under the lee quarter!" commanded the Captain.

The exhausted men sullenly gave way, with feeble strokes, and pulled alongside.

"Come up! every man of you!" ordered the Captain, while the crew, fully armed, ranged themselves along the ship's waist to receive them.

As the convicts came over the ship's side they were handcuffed and stationed at the break of the quarter-deck.

"Rig up yard and tackle, and prepare a boatswain's chair for that sick man. I want to make his acquaintance; this is my reception day," said the Captain, in a calm, ironical tone which plainly indicated his feelings.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Mr. Baker, muttering to himself, "Better haul the rascal up with a rope's end."

"I will not give you that trouble, sir," said the man in the boat, in English; and rising to his feet, he seized the manropes and mounted the ship's lad-

der with the alacrity of an old sailor. As he came over the rail the Captain gave a start of surprise, and Mr. Baker, who was about to place the handcuffs on his wrists, let them drop and gazed with astonishment upon the face before him ; then regaining self-control, he picked up the irons and secured the prisoner.

CHAPTER IV.

LOUIS NAPOLEON

“**R**IG up eighteen gauntlines!” ordered the Captain, recovering from his surprise. Then to the prisoners, “you have twenty minutes to prepare for death.”

“Why not nineteen halts, sir?” inquired Mr. Baker, while the men laid out on the yardarms to adjust the fatal ropes.

“I don’t want to hang that fellow until I find out more about him,” pointing to the man who had created so much curiosity among both officers and men. The prisoners watched the preparation for their execution with the utmost indifference imaginable, while the Captain and his chief officer were pacing the deck, talking earnestly in a low voice about the stirring events of the day. “I never saw such a striking resemblance,” said Mr. Baker; “he is the exact image of Napoleon III. as I remember him twenty years ago, when for several days, on a memorable occasion, I had the honor of being in his company. When this fellow came over the rail he struck me all aback. I declare, Captain, I don’t like the idea of hanging a prince of the realm.”

"I have never had the distinguished honor of meeting the Emperor of France," said the Captain, "but my surprise was caused by his resemblance to the portraits of Napoleon, and if I did not know that he was dead and buried I would surely believe we had the ex-Emperor on board. As to hanging him, that makes no difference with me. I would hang Napoleon Bonaparte under like circumstances, were he equally guilty, in company with the meanest cutthroat."

"He may not be equally guilty, Captain; men are not always responsible for the company they find themselves in," said the officer, with much earnestness.

"Your reasoning is all right in his case, Mr. Baker. We will swing the rest of the rascals, and then hold a court-martial and hang him later."

"What is the necessity of a court-martial if you are determined to hang him whether guilty or not guilty?" inquired Mr. Baker, in a quizzical manner.

"What are court-martials for, anyway, if not to find evidence enough to condemn the prisoner before the court, and a legal excuse for punishing the criminal to the fullest extent of the law?" Then looking at his watch, the Captain continued, "Twenty minutes up. Range the men along the rail under the main and mizzen yardarms, and stand by to brace around the yards, and give these fellows a send-off to the lower regions."

"Why Frank! Are you really going to murder

these men?" exclaimed the Captain's wife, with a look of horror on her face as she nervously clutched her husband's arm.

"Why not?" inquired the Captain, placing his arm around her, and looking considerably into her pleading face.

"O! you must not do it; it is wicked; you will regret it! O, Frank! murder eighteen men? How could you ever think of such a terrible thing?" she pleaded, with a great effort, gasping for breath, and with an expression of horror that startled the Captain and won sympathy from the prisoners.

"What shall we do with the ungrateful wretches?" asked the Captain, very much alarmed for fear she would sink into another fainting fit.

"Keep them on board—let them go—anything—but don't kill them. You are not justified in taking life only in self-defense."

"Didn't they attempt to kill us and capture the ship?" asked the Captain, trying to find some excuse for his action.

"Yes," she said, with a look of relief as she noticed by his manner that he was relenting from his rash purpose. "If we had killed every man in defending our lives, and the ship, we would have done only our duty; but to hang these men now is murder,—revenge! It is not right; it is not right. It is wicked. You must not do it!"

The prisoners were watching the Captain and his wife with the greatest interest. It was evident they did not understand the language, but they knew that the Captain's wife was pleading for their lives.

"Whatever our fate may be is of little consequence to us," said the man who looked like Napoleon, in fluent English, with the tone and manner of a cultured gentleman, "yet there may be some palliating circumstances even in our cases. But I wish to express to this noble lady, both for myself and comrades, our heartfelt gratitude for her pleading in behalf of justice, which, if myself and companions had received, we would not have been here."

"Who are you?" demanded the Captain, while his wife looked her astonishment in beholding for the first time what had surprised her husband and Mr. Baker.

"I am the eldest son of Napoleon III., and heir to the throne of France. My comrades are noblemen of the Empire, banished from their country for political causes."

"Long live the Republic of France!" said the Captain, with a scornful gaze upon the Frenchman. "If her Nobility has fallen so low as to turn upon those who would treat them with common humanity, happy are the people under the Republic."

"Will the Captain condescend to listen to a por-

tion of my history?" asked the Frenchman, in a quiet, dignified manner which plainly indicated his gentle birth.

"I shall be pleased to listen. Take off his handcuffs, Mr. Baker; a Frenchman can't talk without the use of his hands, and he has a hard job to defend himself and companions."

Without taking the slightest notice of the last words of the Captain, he began: "I am the only child of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and an American lady whose name and parentage I never knew. 'All that is necessary for you to know,' my mother would say to my earnest pleading to know more of my family, 'is that I was secretly married to your father in the city of New York, in America, on the 14th of May, 1837, by a priest of the Catholic Church. I was born a Protestant but abjured that faith and was received into the religion of your father.' His most intimate friends never dreamed of this romance. When he left America my mother sailed in the same ship, and all efforts of her family and friends to find her were unavailing. Renouncing all things and people for the man she loved, she never regretted her choice.

"I was born in London, on the 10th of March, 1838, and in 1846 my mother moved to Paris. My father, after the *coup d'état*, visited us frequently in our apartment. He would bring me toys and bonbons, and was very devoted to my mother. Then for years I saw

nothing of him, and I was placed at the School of St. Cyr under the patronage of Marshal McMahon.

“At the deathbed of my mother a few years later, with the Marshal present, she said, ‘Louis, my son, you are the lawful son of the Emperor of France. My marriage to your father was valid and never annulled. You are nearing man’s estate. I have been cast aside for another; the boy of the Tuileries may usurp your place. I charge you by all you hold dear or sacred to right my name.’ I returned to St. Cyr and followed the counsels of the great soldier. His instructions were, ‘Watch and wait.’ I obeyed him, and no part of my history ever escaped my lips. Upon my graduation, I received a commission in the army. At Sedan I received a ball in the left shoulder. My extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor caused no end of comments, but no one knew the relations between us. Wounded and in hospital, I became delirious, and must have betrayed the story of my identity. While still unable to walk, I was conveyed to Dijon, a long distance for one in my condition. While there I received a letter from the Marshal assuring me of his devotion and services, and that as soon as I was able to quit the hospital I could talk, and that France would rally to me, pledging the fidelity and loyalty of the army. I went to sleep with that letter in my hand. When I awoke it was gone. On a dark and dismal night, staggering under the influence of some drug,

I was hurried whither I did not know. How long I was in that dungeon I had no means of ascertaining. Again I was conveyed in the night to another dungeon. I had lost all account of days and years, and my jailers were ever silent. At night I was again taken from a dungeon and placed on board a ship. When I was permitted to go on deck there was no land in sight. I did not know from whence I came, and where my next prison was to be is yet a mystery. I was given perfect liberty on shipboard, but no one would talk with me.

“On a dark and stormy night a strange ship crashed into us. In the confusion that followed I secreted myself, while the crew escaped from the sinking ship. I preferred death to another dungeon, but the ship did not sink, and I was taken off the next day by an American ship bound for Australia.

“From that night which gave me my freedom, my resemblance to the Emperor has not caused me any serious trouble. The ship sailed again for Japan and was wrecked on a reef not far from New Caledonia. We took to the boat and safely reached the island, where I found friends who had known me in the army, and together we planned our escape.”

While Louis was relating the salient points in his sad history, every one on board paid the closest attention, and for some little time after he had finished not a word was spoken. It was evident that

the story of his wrongs and sufferings had won for him the sympathy of every one present, while tears filled the eyes of the Captain's wife.

"I have been much interested in the recital of your history," said the Captain, "and can understand why you wished to conceal your identity; but I fail to comprehend why you considered this ship essential to your success, or why we should be sacrificed to your ambition."

"Our object was neither capture nor murder, but to gain possession of the ship and compel her Captain to land us at a point we should name. It would have detained you a few days, but you would have been amply rewarded," replied Louis, with a candor which carried conviction to his listeners.

"Under the circumstances, I could almost justify your purpose, if the leader of your party had not attempted my life and only failed to accomplish his object by the timely aid of my wife, who laid him out just as he was about to plunge a knife into my neck."

A look of surprise mingled with shame came over the face of Louis, and he looked steadily and inquiringly at the culprit who quailed before him and dropped his eyes to the deck. "And you, Madame," said Louis to the Captain's wife, "pleading for the would-be murderer of your husband! You are an angel!" Addressing the Captain, he continued, "We are

pirates in the eyes of the law, and you are justified in your action. Thank God for our failure! Better by far die the death of dogs," as he gazed at the ropes dangling from the yardarms, "than have committed such a crime."

"The gentleman is telling the truth," said the Captain's wife. "Frank, do let them go; they have had great trials and temptations, and only one appears to be really bad."

"Well, I will hang him, anyway; I will be justified in that," said the Captain in a decided manner.

"Then," replied his wife, "if justice would hang him, mercy would let him go. If justice were infallible there would be no office for mercy."

The Captain turned and paced the deck in silence; all eyes followed him, and not a word was spoken. "Mr. Baker," said he, "haul that boat alongside and provision her for twenty days; we have lost time enough over this affair."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the officer, and all hands turned to with a will, for Missus had said let them go, and "Missus is allus right."

The boat was soon ready. The prisoners, grateful for their escape, silently entered the boat. Louis was the last to leave the deck. He shook hands with the Captain and officers, then taking the hand of the Captain's wife he reverently kissed it, and

without a word passed over the side of the ship and joined his companions.

“Stand by the lee main braces — Let go and haul!” shouted the Captain. The yards swung around, the sails filled, and the ship, gathering headway, was brought to her course, leaving the boat tossing in her wake, with the sound of “Long live Madame, the Captain’s wife!” from the unfortunate company afloat on the treacherous sea.

CHAPTER V.

THE LOSS OF LITTLE HARRY

“THEY have another chance for their lives,” said the Captain, as he caught the last sight of the boat, rising atop of the swell a long way astern of the ship. “I ought to have swung that murderous Frenchman.”

“What good could have come of it? Would you have been justified if you had taken the law into your hands and hung him without a trial?” said the Captain’s wife, watching little Harry who was proudly walking the bridge, dressed in his sailor’s suit and carrying his glass under his arm, with the air and importance of a young midshipman.

“As far as the technical point of the law is concerned, perhaps not,” replied the Captain, “but the law would class him a pirate, and the penalty for piracy is death; and more, it is an unwritten law among sailors to hang pirates whenever caught, and all the civil laws enacted by the land sharks on shore will not prevent captains from exercising their rights to hang pirates on the sea.” As the Captain’s wife did not reply to his rather emphatic remarks concern-

ing the prerogatives of shipmasters in general, he continued, "These fellows can thank you for their lives; in fact, the whole ship's company are indebted to you for your precaution and action. I feel very magnanimous toward the whole human race, and sincerely hope the poor fellows will land without any more trouble."

"What tind of a time would dem mens have in a 'torm?" asked little Harry, raising his glass and sweeping the horizon with the ease and grace of a young officer. "Dess dey'd wished dey's hung up out of de wet. I tant see dat boat nowheres; dess she's sunk."

"You know better, you little rascal; you are no sailor to talk like that," said his father, playfully making a grab for him which the little fellow easily eluded.

"I means dey's sunk out of sight," said Harry, laughing and winking at his mother. Then to Darkey, so his father could not hear him, "De ole man don't know it all, more 'n we's."

Harry did not mean any disrespect by calling his father "de ole man." He was not a year old when he came on board the ship, and his coming birthday, which the sailors had already prepared for with all kinds of presents stowed away in their donkeys, was his sixth. These had all been passed at sea, and each was a great event on board ship. No matter what the weather, the sailors carefully donned

their shore clothes in honor of the occasion. All the officers and most of the sailors were on the ship when Harry, the baby, came on board; he had grown up with them and knew no other companions or playmates. He was equally at home in cabin and forecastle, and was the pet and joy of the ship. On his last birthday the sailors had presented him with as fine a marine telescope as could be purchased in Liverpool, and the little fellow was never so well pleased as when he could walk the bridge, with his cap thrown high on his forehead and glass under his arm, to the delight of every sailor on board. On his coming birthday they had many presents for him; among them a silver collar for Darkey, and a magnificent sextant, made to order, with "Captain Harry" engraved upon it. The sailors were looking forward to their great holiday, which was not far off, with all the nervous anxiety of children.

With this close association, Harry's speech was often more nautical than elegant, and he called the Captain "old man" as naturally as an old salt; and like an old salt, not in the presence or hearing of the Captain. It was the parlance of the forecastle, but not of the quarter-deck; no harm was meant and no offense was taken.

The wind increased until it was necessary to take in the light sails. Harry and his mother had retired to the cabin, while the Captain paced the decks,

occasionally glancing at the barometer hanging in the skylight.

"I don't like the looks of the weather," said the Captain, as his chief officer came aft and leaned over the rail, watching the swell. "The barometer is falling, and these hot puffs are sure indications of a storm. A gale of wind in these latitudes, at this season of the year, means no ordinary old ladies' tea party."

"Take in the topgallant sails, stow the main and mizzen courses, and reef the foresail. Those poor fellows in the boat will have a hard night of it," said the Captain, looking to windward, as the officer called, "All hands on deck to shorten sail!"

The gale lasted for two days, but as the wind was on the quarter, the ship was kept on her course and made a record-breaking run.

"The ole girl has washed her own decks the last two days," said an old salt, engaged in arranging things shipshape after the storm, while the ship lay becalmed, with her huge hull rising and falling on the swell, the only reminder of the gale that had carried destruction and death in its course.

The position of the ship was now in the latitude of the Solomon Islands and thirty-five miles east of Stewart Island, the easternmost one of this group, which being low could not be seen from the mast-head

"You changed your course," said Mrs. Willis, as she came on deck for the first time in two days.

"Yes," replied the Captain, in a tone that indicated he was willing to drop the subject, "I always give the land a wide berth in stormy weather. A good navigator gives his ship plenty of sea room."

"And in so doing you give the cannibals a wide hearth," she said, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

Although she felt extremely happy in the thought that all danger from the cannibals of Stewart Island was past, womanlike, she could not refrain from reminding her husband that she, too, was a navigator, and "sea room" was not the reason for changing his course.

"I did not change my course," said the Captain, "out of any fear of the natives, but after our last experience, which so remarkably coincided with your fears, I did not wish to give you any unnecessary anxiety."

"That was very kind of you, dear, but how is our son to become 'The King of the Cannibal Islands' if you don't give him a chance to land?" she said with a reproachful look at her husband.

"Since I have found another candidate," returned the Captain, as if deciding the fate of a nation, "in a full-fledged Prince, out of a job, I have decided to abjure, on behalf of my son, all claims to the Cannibal Islands."

"Now you are consistent," she replied, in a serio-comic tone. "I did not know that you had changed your mind about making me 'mother of a King' when you changed your course; but as you had no special object in meeting the natives, it were better to give them a wide hearth. I would like to know how the poor fellows weathered the storm," with her manner and voice changing to deep sympathy.

Not a "cat's-paw" relieved the monotony of the calm during the day. All hands had been employed in repairing damages caused by the storm, while the ship rose and fell on the gradually decreasing swell. The sun sank into the sea without a cloud to mar the beauty of its outline, casting a narrow wake over the water. The stars shone forth dimly in the twilight, increasing in brilliancy as the sun drew its lagging rays along its course. The Milky Way stood out clearly defined, like a well traveled highway, across the dark blue vault of heaven.

The ship was as neat and trim as a man-of-war before inspection. The sailors had completed their arrangements for the celebration of the greatest event of the year, for the morrow was Harry's birthday.

"Looks as if we will have a calm night of it," said Mr. Baker, as he came aft and joined the Captain in his promenade on the quarter-deck.

"Yes, there is no indication of a breeze, and I don't look for any change till after sunrise," replied

the Captain, with a professional glance into the azure above, thickly studded with stars. "I am glad we are well clear of the land."

"I saw land from the masthead, sir, just as the sun went down," said the officer, "but as Missus was on deck I did not repeat it, for fear of giving her unnecessary alarm, and we may get a breeze before daylight."

"You did quite right, Mr. Baker; she is getting very nervous over these little matters."

"But, Captain, she's got the coolest head of any one on board. Do you call that nervousness? I declare I wish I had some such agitation of the nerves," said the old officer, in a tone which caused a hearty laugh from the Captain.

"And she falls into a dead faint after all danger is past, which I am more afraid of than all the cannibals in the Indian Archipelago, with convicts and pirates thrown in," said the Captain.

"I think we will get a breeze after midnight," said the officer, rubbing the sleeve of his monkey jacket across his eyes.

"You know better, Mr. Baker; you are too old a sailor not to know the situation. At noon we were thirty-five miles from the land you saw at sundown, which could not be more than twenty-five miles off. A current is setting us directly on to the island, and as we have drifted ten miles in six hours, in twelve

hours we will drift twenty. At daylight we will find ourselves within five miles of the island my wife so much dreads to see, but then I took all necessary precaution this time."

The Captain remained on deck all night watching, and hoping a breeze would spring up; but he was doomed to disappointment. Long before daylight the dim outline of a long, low island could be distinctly made out. All hands were called to defend ship. The two brass guns were loaded, rifles, revolvers, and cutlasses were made ready. Netting was rigged up between the rigging, and the cook kept his coppers filled with boiling water.

At daybreak small, fleecy clouds, like a flock of sheep, were chasing each other across the sky. The sun rose red, casting a wide wake upon the water, which to the practiced eye of a sailor were sure signs of a breeze.

The land close aboard was the first thing that met the view of the Captain's wife as she came up the companion way, upon which she gazed like one in a trance. Turning to her husband she said, scarcely above a whisper, "Stewart Island," while a pallor crept over her face.

"The current has set us in here," said he, in answer to her inquiring look.

"It is not your fault, dear," she said, as she noticed the troubled look of her husband. "I am navi-

gator enough to know that it is impossible to guard against unknown currents. We are prepared this time, and if they get on board it will not be our fault."

"Well," said the Captain, as he saw in her eyes that familiar look of defiance and about her mouth a compression that betokened conquest, "it is a question with me which will get here first, the wind or the natives, but as we are prepared for either, we must wait and stand by the results."

They did not have long to wait, for while the Captain was talking, Mr. Baker, who was at the masthead, shouted, "They are coming as thick as a school of porpoises," and his expression did not appear much of an exaggeration. Hundreds of canoes were crowding out of what appeared to be the mouth of a river, or the narrow entrance to a bay, spreading out and forming a wedge-shaped mass of men, paddles, and boats, with its base toward the ship, presenting a spectacle more imposing than formidable.

The canoes were light and graceful, each carrying five men who displayed great skill in the use of their paddles and in managing their frail craft. Tall and well formed, with regular features, of a dark brown color, and with long, straight, black hair, they did not resemble the ferocious man-eating savages of legend and story; but the white man was their enemy, and their enemy had written both their history and fiction. They approached the ship in a cautious manner, displaying

plantains, shells, and cocoanuts, as if desiring to trade; and had it not been for their skillful manœuvring, through which they were gradually surrounding the ship, they would have deceived the ship's company.

The Captain was not much concerned about the result of the impending brush with the natives, with the advantage all on one side, but he dreaded the ordeal his wife would pass through after it was over. While he knew what the natives were seeking to accomplish, his greatest interest was centered upon the long line of curling wavelets that were slowly creeping up to the ship, leaving the water a darker blue, with an occasional whitecap, for he knew that if the wind struck first, a running fight would be only a pleasant diversion, an overture of the program for Harry's birthday.

The natives were also watching the breeze, and fearing their prey would escape, they made a dash for the bows of the ship, where Mr. Baker, with his watch, was ready to receive them. Then followed a scene that baffles description. A score of canoes attempting to gain a point where there was room for only one; the half-naked savages crowding and pushing, and leaping from one canoe to another, capsizing their frail barks; their agonizing death struggle in the water, together with the fierce yells of their war cry;—all this presented a sight more frightful than dangerous to the beholder. Their unorgan-

ized strength was their weakness; for what might have been a formidable force, if massed on board of a large craft alongside of the ship, became powerless when spread over several acres of water, with the object of their attack in the center.

A young chief, wishing to distinguish himself, dashed toward the mizzen chains, but was easily repulsed by the starboard watch in charge of the second officer. The Captain, apparently not paying the slightest attention to the wild scene around him, stood at the break of the quarter anxiously watching the oncoming wind, which was already throwing its "cat's-paws" around the ship. His wife, unmoved as a statue, stood beside him watching the strange conflict.

Yells of rage from the windward, which were pleasant sounds to all on board, indicated that the savages had another foe to contend with. The force of the wind, which ended the calm of the past twenty-four hours, was drifting them into a compact mass, from which it would require time and skill to extricate their frail craft.

The wind struck the ship lightly. The sails flapped and then filled. The spanker boom swung across the deck, and with the sound of the spanker sheet, as it checked the filling sail, came the cry from the man at the wheel, "Harry's overboard!"

The Captain turned just in time to see Darkey bound

over the quarter rail, while his wife reached the taffrail only to see a naked savage draw her boy out of the water, and Darkey with a fierce growl climbing into the canoe after him. She gave an agonizing cry that pierced the hearts of all on board, and fell to the deck.

The Captain raised his rifle, but the savage, holding the boy in front of him, saved his own life, while his companions paddled away, with Darkey showing his teeth and quietly gazing upon his little master, as if he understood the situation.

The ship forging ahead carried death and destruction to those in her path, as the capsized and broken canoes, paddles, and natives struggling in her wake testified. Maddened with grief by the condition of his wife and the loss of his boy, the Captain tacked ship and pursued the fleeing savages. The time employed in bringing the great ship around was well improved by the fleet canoes.

The chase was a hopeless one from the start, but the Captain followed them to their village, which was situated on the shore of a fine, deep bay. The natives abandoned their canoes on the beach, and with the remaining inhabitants of the village fled hastily from the coast into the hills.

"Clear away the boat," ordered the Captain.

Mr. Baker touched him on the shoulder, and without a word pointed toward the cabin.

The Captain understood the silent reminder of his

officer, and reason asserted itself. If he was sure the shock had killed her, he had nothing but his boy to live for, and would follow the trail of the fleeing savages even though it lead to certain death, but the thought of leaving his wife, if alive, to a fate that caused him to shudder, aroused him to a true sense of the situation, and the madness of placing himself and ship's company in the power of a tribe of savages. Like one in a trance, he went below, and Mr. Baker took charge of the ship.

After hours of unceasing effort to strengthen the mystic cord that loosely held the invisible vital spark, the Captain's wife opened her eyes, and in a faint voice said, "Frank, where is Harry? Will they kill him? Will we find him?" Then closing her eyes while a tremor passed over her body, she became as rigid as a marble statue. Another hour of agonizing suspense; her limbs relaxed; she again opened her eyes, and in a husky voice hardly above a whisper, inquired, "How did Harry fall overboard? Tell me all."

The Captain replied, "There is not much to tell. It all happened in an instant. Harry went up the after companion way, and stepped into the coil of the spanker sheet, just as the boom was swinging across the deck, and was lifted over the rail before any one knew he was on deck. The man at the wheel caught sight of his nightdress as he dropped into the water.

Darkey followed him so closely that they both must have struck the water at the same time."

"I am sure I locked the stateroom door," she said, "for Harry was asleep when I went on deck."

"Where was Darkey?" inquired her husband.

"He was lying in front of the door," she replied.

"Harry has been teaching that dog for the last week to unlock that door by turning the key with his teeth," said the Captain with a sigh.

"I have watched him perform that trick many times, but I did not think of it this morning," she said, while tears flowed from beneath her closed eyelids, but the circulation of the life current, vitalizing the natural functions, compelled the death angel to relinquish his claim.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONVICTS IN A STORM

WHILE the ship was able to hold her course and make good weather of the gale, with the wind on her quarter, the open boat, heavily laden and manned by a crew of landsmen, was in a critical condition for stormy weather. Nor did the brave fellows anticipate such perils as were close upon them. A beautiful cirrus formation was gathering high in the vault of heaven, in curling, fleece-like clouds resembling long tufts of hair or carded wool, familiarly called by sailors "mare's-tails." A cirrocumulus floated a little below in broken, fleecy clouds, with their parts more or less rounded and regularly grouped, known to seamen as "mackerel sky." But in these indications the occupants of the boat, being without knowledge of the sea or weather, did not discern the warning contained in the couplet,

"Mackerel sky and mare's-tails

Warn lofty ships to carry low sails."

Their first care was to satisfy their hunger from the bountiful supplies received from the ship, which they had failed to capture, while the boat floated idly upon the placid waters of a tropical sea. When again they

pulled up on their course they gave no thought to the increasing swell which was the harbinger of danger from below the horizon, where the fury of the wind was rolling the sea into mountain waves, and throwing out its mighty power in undulations which could be felt far in advance of the storm. But as the wind increased with the rising swell, and the fleecy clouds, thickening and darkening to a leaden hue, gathered round the ill-fated boat like a pall of gloom, the occupants began to realize the situation; but they had risked much and would brave more. With the storm upon them and night coming on, they ceased rowing and laid the boat head on to the seas. The wind increased in strength and the waves in height, and long before midnight it was impossible to keep the boat head on to the waves, and their only safety lay in running before the gale. Not accustomed to the manœuvring of a boat under such difficult circumstances, they took a most unfavorable time to wear the boat around before the wind; and as she fell off and lay for a moment in the trough of the sea, broadside on, an unlucky wave swept over them and for the moment all hope vanished. But the men clung to the boat, which, owing to her heavy load, did not capsize, and her compressed air safety tanks, which were located under the gunwales, prevented the boat from sinking. The half-drowned men were again above water, with their boat filled and laying like a log, nearly level

with the sea, but still something to stand upon; and with the desperation of drowning men, they bailed out the boat and got her off before the wind.

They had no further fear of sinking or capsizing. Their great care was to keep from being washed overboard, and with renewed courage they continued the unequal warfare with the elements. Throughout the night the boat scudded before the gale. Every sea that curled over the stern of the boat threatened to engulf them, while every man held his breath. Now hurled along on the crest of a combing wave, now sinking down, down into the hollow of the sea; the incessant roar of the waves and storm; the lurid phosphorescent light that shone around them from the sea, which was lashed into foam by the fury of the storm;—all this constituted a scene so grand and awful that no pen can describe it, or painter portray its solemn grandeur.

Day dawned and hope revived in the breasts of the hapless company. Wet, cold, and exhausted, with nothing to satisfy their craving hunger, after such a struggle for life, they were the embodiment of despair; but they were still afloat, and while life lasted they would continue the fight.

While man may not sense fear in the darkness, yet his bravest deeds are performed in the light; while he may not lose hope in the night, it is stronger in the full light of day.

They had weathered the night, and surely the day could be no worse; at any rate they would make the best of it. Their water-soaked provisions were thrown overboard, which greatly lightened the boat and enabled her to ride more lightly over the waves. With no practical knowledge of managing a boat, it was evident, even to them, that if the speed of the boat could be increased it would enable them to run away from the seas and greatly lessen the danger of swamping. No experienced navigator could have reasoned better. With great difficulty they managed to rig up the same old tarpaulin with which they had so persistently attempted to escape from the ship. Under the pressure of the wind on the improvised sail, the boat leaped forward with great speed, and as they watched the result of running away from the sea and wind, together with the slick of the wake made by the boat, which prevented the sea from breaking, they took courage.

But if they were running away from one danger they were rapidly approaching another; for the wind was driving them at a fearful rate directly toward the most dangerous part of the Indian Archipelago, and if they escaped the raging waves they would soon find themselves among reefs and breakers, where in such a storm no human power could save them. But they did not know this; they thought only of their

safety for the present, and gave no thought for the future.

All day they drove before the relentless gale, vainly watching for some indication that the worst was over. Not a break in the clouds, not a lull in the storm. Hungry, weary, and sick at heart they silently watched the deepening gloom of another night draw on. The leaden sky which had greeted their view throughout the long and fearful day, now turned to blackness, and a darkness that could be felt spread over the troubled waters. They could no longer watch the waves as they rose up in the distance, and followed them, roaring like demons for their prey, until they lifted first the stern and almost stood the boat on her bow, then rolling under the frail bark, bringing her for a moment on even keel, then dropping her stern foremost into the trough of the sea at an angle of forty-five degrees, to be caught up again by the next wave and forced through the same evolutions. But they could distinguish the outlines of the huge billows as they rose up like a wall, each wave fringed with that weird, phosphoric light, until the whole ocean appeared like a sea of fire; they could hear the shrieking of the wind and the mourning of the waves that might have come from lost souls engulfed therein. The boat sped on through the darkness during another night of horror, leaving a luminous

wake behind her that might easily be imagined as the fiery trail of some sea monster, ever pursuing the fugitives fleeing from destruction.

At dawn the gale had spent its force; long lulls and short puffs indicated that the fury of the storm was over. The clouds broke away, the sun shone forth in all its splendor, and before meridian the wind had passed away, as quickly as it had arisen, leaving no traces of its desolating power, excepting the boat, with the castaways, completely worn out, asleep in the bottom, and the old tarpaulin, which had served them well, flapping lazily against the mast as the boat rose and fell on the harmless waves.

They were aroused from their slumbers by the shouting and yelling of natives, and awoke to find themselves surrounded by canoes filled with naked savages. The boat, like the ship, had been carried with the current, and had drifted among the islands of the Louisiade Archipelago, which consists of one large island and many smaller ones, with coral reefs and atolls innumerable, situated southeast from the long peninsula of Papua.

Weak from the lack of food, and exhausted by their terrible struggle of the last two days, this new danger seemed to paralyze them. They looked upon the scene with a listless indifference that astonished the natives, who, after being assured there was no fight in the

boat load of white men, made fast to the boat with several of their canoes and started to tow her to the island. Thus, through the irony of fate, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his companions were landed on the chief island of the tribe which bore the name of Louisiade.

CHAPTER VII

SAILORS' YARNS

NORTHWARD across the equator the good ship held her course, sailing in smooth waters and under a clear sky, sighting the high peaks of the Marshall Islands dimly outlined in the hazy blue atmosphere, and fading away in the distance as the ship sailed on, while the picturesque Ladrone group raised into view on the opposite horizon. Never lagging, never weary, under the influence of the strong northeast trade, the ship passed from island to island on her course to the Yellow Sea.

The Captain's wife did not complain of the fate of her boy, but she could not dispel the sadness which had possessed her, and it affected the entire ship's company. She would recline in an easy chair on deck during the day, watching the sea and gazing longingly upon each island passed by the ship, but showing no more fear of land or natives. When, as it frequently happened, an island was passed close aboard, and the natives crowded around to exchange cocoanuts, plantain, and other products, for beef, pork, biscuits, pipes and tobacco, she appeared much

interested and often bought pretty shells and curiously worked necklaces from the savages, who were apparently pleased to have the privilege of trading with the only white woman they had ever seen.

The officers and crew had settled down in a listless way to the ordinary routine work of the ship, and as there was no making sails, fitting rigging, scraping spars, or slushing down, the crew was given watch and watch, which ordinarily, with plenty to eat and a good ship, constitutes a sailor's paradise.

But the solemnity which pervaded the ship, and the monotony of fine weather, together with the inactivity of the superstitious sailors, so worked on their minds as to produce a state of melancholy which often leads to insanity.

The saddest part of the day was the "dogwatch," the sailors' hour, when all hands gathered around the capstan on the topgallant forecastle to smoke and spin yarns. Instead of the merry scenes of song, dance, and yarn, as in former time, these two hours were passed in silence, or in low conversation about Missus and Harry, or perhaps vaguely watching the long roll of foam which the ship forced far ahead, sparkling with phosphoric light, then curling along the sides and eddying in her wake.

"This ship reminds me of the 'Flyin' Dutchman,'" said an old sailor, looking aloft at the white cloud of canvas bellying to the breeze, "an' sometimes I

wonders if we's not erboard er phantom ship; an' of'en when I'm alone in the graveyard watch I pinches myself to make sure I'm not a ghost. I hates to leave the ole man, but if this ship ever gets her anchor down, I takes my papers an' pulls for er other ship. Look at 'em white sails with the moon shinin' on 'em; don't they look like the sails of the 'Flyin' Dutchman?' " Then looking overboard he continued, "See how she slips through the water like er sea serpent after its prey, an' the stars they stan' out clear from the sky an' you can see behin' 'em. [Then in a subdued tone.] The whole thing is exactly like the night 'fore we sighted the 'Flyin' Dutchman' off the Horn, five years ago tomorrow night."

"Spin us the yarn, mate," said one of his listeners, "none of us has seen the 'Flyin' Dutchman.' "

Tom Bowline enjoyed the distinction of being the only man on board, who had seen the phantom ship, and was always ready to "spin the yarn," which the sailors never tired of hearing. After refilling his pipe and seating himself on the capstan, and adjusting his souwester to suit the occasion, he began, "Man an' boy I have sailed salt water nigh onto forty years, an' never landed my 'donkey' onto the deck of er ship that wasn't square-rigged and sailed far enough off shore to take soundin's with the deep sea lead. I signed articles on board the 'Stormy Petrel,' er fine ship of thirteen hundred tons, com-

manded by as fine er sailor as ever walked er quarter-deck; but his name was Friday. Now mates, note the size of the ship and the name of her ole man.

“We had watch an’ watch an’ good grub, an’ if it hadn’t been for the tonnage number an’ the ole man’s name we’d called her er lucky ship. However, we made er fine run to the Cape, but there we struck it rough, gale after gale right in our teeth; but after beatin’ about for thirteen days, mark the number, mates, we gets er fine day with the ship on her course under full sail. That was on er Thursday, and the night was just like this one: stars stood out so clear that we could see ’em risin’ an’ settin’, the moon shone full on our white canvas just like tonight, an’ this whole scene,” looking again at the sails, “is exactly like what it was that night. ’Fore the middle watch was out all han’s was called to shorten sail, an’ ’fore noon on Friday it was blowin’ great guns, an’ the ship was under lower topsails. I had the last trick at the wheel in the first watch, an’ just as the officer of the deck calls eight bells, I seen somethin’ that froze the marrer in my bones. I could not move er han’ to strike the bells, my hair stan’s on en’, an’ chills ran all over me; for right on our weather beam was er ship under full sail an’ headin’ right fer us, not forty fathoms away. ’Fore I could sing out, the great ship was goin’ through or over us right between the foremast an’ mainmast. I plainly saw the captain

an' crew dressed in the Dutch fashion of a hundred years ago. As the phantom ship passed through us, her captain drops er package on our deck, an' I hears him say through his speakin' trumpet, 'Take this to my wife in Hollan'.'

"When I found my reckonin', I was on my beam en's in my bunk. I sen's for the ole man an' tells him erbout the package, but it must have washed overboard for they never found it. They had picked me up to lee'ard of the wheel. The ole man said the wheel had throwed me, but all my shipmates knew I had seen the 'Flyin' Dutchman.'"

"Belay there, mate, you are on the wrong tack. The 'Flyin' Dutchman' was off Cape Horn, an' her captain did not have his wife on board, er angel at that," said the youngest sailor among them.

"Don't class this ship with the 'Flyin' Dutchman,'" said another, "her ole man defied God, man, an' the devil, an' swore he would beat around Cape Horn in spite of them all, an' for this sin he is doomed to be allus sailing, and never get into port, but is never seen far from the Cape."

"Avast heaving, mates," said Tom Bowline. "You're all erback. I don't class this ship with the 'Flyin' Dutchman,' only she's uncanny. Look at her! Even her yards won't squeak, her sails won't slat, an' her blocks won't rattle, and Missus' sad face ha'nts me when I sleep. The ole man never speaks,

an' the officers give orders as if they was navigatin' a funeral. I wish we could raise er fight, run er foul er typhoon, strike er squall,—anything but this infernal sunshine, day in an' day out. An' these still, starlight nights, without sea enough to wash the ole ship's sides, is enough to drive er man crazy. Mates, there's allus trouble erboard when the ship don't wash her own sides. When I goes aft to take my trick at the wheel, Missus sets there so sorryful an' pale that I don't know whether its her or her ghost," and he drew his shirt sleeve across his eyes.

"An' last night, mates," said another sailor, "the starb'ard side light goes out, an' I took it under the weather rail to light. I struck several matches an' they went right out, as if some one was blowin' 'em, an' when I gets impatient an' lights ernother, covering it with my souwester, I hears Harry laff just as he use ter, an' you knows, mates, how he would blow out the matches an' laff when any of us was lightin' the lanterns."

"I never sees the side light of a ship without er kind er creepy feeling all over me," said the new hand, shipped in Australia, who had not established his reputation as a yarn spinner.

"Spin us the yarn, mate," said Tom Bowline, vacating the story-teller's seat on the capstan head. The new hand took the seat, and without any pre-

liminary remarks, began: "I'd been er month in port an' no ship. Last voyage, money gone, an' er month's advance due the boardin' master, who was already looking sideways at table, an' hintin' 'twas time to look for er berth. I ships on board er clipper West Inji man, out, an' back to the same port. I gets my month's advance, pays my board bill, an' takes my donkey on board. She was er good craft, an' everything shipshape. All went well till we passed Hatteras on our return trip; but when we poked our nose out of the stream we struck er noreaster that pulls our rags down to lower top-sails an' storm staysails. Night comes on with er blindin' snowstorm that no sailor could look in the eye, but the ship was makin' good weather with one watch on deck, although the ole man never goes below. 'Fore goin' below when my watch was relieved at midnight, I goes to take er look at the side lights. We had our port tacks erboard, an' I goes along the weather side. The port light was burnin' all right, then I turns to cross the deck for'ard the house to lee'ard when I sees er man lookin' at the starb'ard light that was shinin' full in his face. I takes him to be one of my mates in the same watch, then as I goes below I finds all my watch mates. I gives one look an' rushes on deck; there was the same feller, but he was lookin' at the port light. I watches him, with my knees

shakin' and teeth chatterin' like I has the shagus fever, till he just faded away. I could see the red light shine right through him, an' the snow blowin' through him 'fore he dissolved into nothin'. As soon as I could haul up on my course I made aft to the ole man who was stan'in' on the quarter-deck under the lee of er tarpaulin triced up in the mizzen riggin'. 'What did he look like?' asked the ole man after listenin' to my yarn. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'he was tall an' rather slim, with er young, pleasant face, er very small, thin, white mustache, with about er week's growth of beard, rather thin.' 'How could you get such a good look at him on er night like this?' asks the ole man. 'Sir,' says I, 'he stood right under the green light that shines full in his face.' 'How was he rigged?' asks the ole man. 'Sir,' says I, 'he had on his oilskins, an' one of them cap an' cape souwesters.'"

"He was no sailor to wear that kind er headgear," broke in old Tom Bowline.

"Put a stopper on your jaw tackle," said Jack, who always acted as chairman on such occasions.

"You, er old sailor, breakin' the rules, you know better."

Tom subsided and the speaker continued, "'It must have been one of the watch on deck,' says the ole man. I couldn't see the ole man's face, but his

voice sounded kind er sad. I went below an' says nothin' to nobody about the matter. A few days after when we gets fine weather, an' my trick at the wheel, the ole man comes, takes hole of the wheel an' says, 'Jack, run down below an' bring me my sextant.' He was er nice man, an' no high fuluten ways. I goes below to bring that hog-yoke for the ole man, an' right 'fore my eyes on the cabin table was that picter of that feller I sees lookin' at the side lights. Mates, you could er knocked me down with er ball er spun yarn, but I braces up an' takes the hog-yoke to the ole man an' takes the wheel again, just as if nothin' had happened to take the wind out er my sails. But the ole man knowed I was shakin' in the wind, an' looks me square in the eye an' asks me if the man I seen the other night looks like the picter I sees in the cabin. 'Yes, sir,' says I, 'it was the same man.' 'Poor fellow,' says the ole man, kind er sorry-like, 'he was first mate with me for years, but was washed overboard in a hurricane, an' in stormy weather he allus looks after the lights. We don't pay any attention to him, but you are er new man.' But mates, that ship never reached port. All hands was saved by takin' to the boats, but the ship an' cargo was lost."

The silence that followed the spinning of this hair-lifting and "kind er creepy" yarn was broken by

Tom Bowline who said contemptuously, "Mate, I wants to ask what's you doin' on er land jammer? Wasn't you 'fraid to get out sight er land?"

A look of resentment came into the sailor's eyes, but he must respect the man who had sailed salt water "nigh onto forty years and never took soundings with a hand lead."

"I tries to make my course clear," he quietly replied. "I explains 'fore I gets under steerageway how I was out of er berth, no deep water ship in port, boardin' master bearin' down on my weather quarter, month's advance to lee'ard, and had to pull for er ship. I likes to make er straight wake, an' ruther be under my own canvas, even on er fresh-water ship, than take a beggarly hawser."

"That's square-rigged, mates," said Tom paternally to the group of sailors around the capstan, and the new hand had made his reputation as a yarn spinner, and, measured by their own standard, was worthy to associate with deep water sailors.

The question of sailor ethics settled, the conversation became general. Each one had seen something or heard some noise that, to them, was of a supernatural order. They all agreed the ship was haunted, but with well-behaved ghosts that would do them no harm; yet the presence of any class of ghosts, even if they were guardian angels, so wrought upon their superstitious

natures that they imagined every noise not readily accounted for was produced by visitants from an unknown world. Doubtless the intensity of their thoughts concentrated upon ghosts, would have materialized one if the striking of eight bells, which ended the dog-watch, had not broken the spell.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM BOWLINE

THE Captain's wife had taken no interest in the ship or the progress of the voyage, and apparently no account of time, since that fatal day when the joy of her life went out. Her husband, stricken with grief by the loss of his boy, watched her weakening condition with the gravest apprehension, but was much relieved when, about three weeks after the loss of Harry, as the ship was entering the Yellow Sea, she asked, "How long before we will reach Chefoo?"

"We shall make port in about a week if the weather continues favorable," answered her husband cheerfully, hoping to arouse her from that seated melancholy which was insidiously preying upon her health and diminishing the power of her mind.

"What shall we do about Harry?" she said with tears in her eyes. "Have you formed any plans for his rescue?"

"There is only one thing to do," replied her husband, "and that is to fit out a ship and search the

islands till we find him. We have money enough to build and fit out a small ship of our own, and keep her in commission for a year or two, and in that time we will find our boy."

"I have thought of the same plan," she said with great interest. "We can take a cargo from China direct to Boston and return inside of a year and begin our search."

The Captain desiring above all things to agree with her, and to encourage any interest and enthusiasm manifested by his wife, yet knowing the uncertainty of calculating on the time necessary to navigate a sailing ship to a port halfway around the world, said hesitatingly, "If everything moves as favorably as we might reasonably expect, you have set the time about right. But we are a long way from home, and must take our chances as to cargo, winds, and storms."

"I can see in your face and know by your manner that you think the time too short. Tell me just what you think of it?" she asked in a pleading voice.

"I do not expect a return cargo from the port to which we are bound. This will necessitate visiting other ports in search of a charter, and as most of the freight from the southern ports of China is carried by the regular line steamers through the Suez Canal, there is nothing left for a sailing ship to take around the Cape of Good Hope. As a last resort we may be obliged to go to some port in Java, where, if

we cannot secure a charter at once, I can purchase, on ship's account, a cargo of sugar or coffee."

She remained silent some moments. "Why not give up the ship in China, or after procuring a return cargo?" she asked, "and send her home in charge of Mr. Baker, and we fit out a ship here, saving O so much time?" "We cannot get what we want in this part of the world," replied the Captain. "We may not find Harry on Stewart Island, and must fit out a ship for a two years' cruise and be prepared to search the whole Indian Archipelago and fight the natives on every island. Owners and underwriters will give us their sympathies, and also contribute liberally toward fitting out an expedition. But our loss is a private affair, and outside of a sentiment that may be created, which will vary according to the temperament of the people and the condition of the atmosphere, no one cares whether Harry is on a cannibal island or playing on the quarter-deck. Why should they? There are thousands of boys, each alike dear to his own parents. We bear our own burden of sorrow, and no one can relieve us."

"Then it may be two or three years before we find him," she said with a sigh, and the tears slowly coursed down her pale sad face, while the man at the wheel turned his head away to leeward to hide his emotions.

"We will find him as soon as possible," said her

husband, "and then quit the sea. We are young yet, and may find on land that happiness which we have failed to find on the water."

Stormy weather set in as the ship entered the Yellow Sea, and for days at a time she was under close reefed topsails, and while not in any unusual danger, the ship did little better than to hold her own.

The sailors, with plenty of hard work and their "dogwatch" yarn spinning broken up, had no time to indulge in gloomy thoughts. There was no more trouble about the side lights going out, and it was no longer possible to distinguish any supernatural sounds in the whistling of the wind through the rigging and the groaning of the heavy masts and spars. The ghosts and the "Flying Dutchman" were forgotten by the tired sailors, who were glad to turn in to their bunks as soon as relieved from their watch on deck.

After being tossed about for three weeks and narrowly escaping shipwreck on the island of Formosa, the ship was again under full sail, making good progress on her course. The high promontory of Shantung was a welcome sight to all hands, and twenty-four hours later the ship was riding at her anchor in the beautiful harbor of Chefoo.

A physician was called on board at once to look after the condition of the Captain's wife, who had not been on deck since the talk with her husband about plans for the rescue of Harry, before the ship

entered the Yellow Sea, and was now unable to leave her cabin. In his diagnosis of the case the doctor, an Irish gentleman of the old school, gave many high-sounding names, not nautical, which, when close reefed, meant nervous prostration. He ordered that she be taken on shore immediately for absolute rest and medical treatment.

After the cargo had been discharged and the ship in ballast all ready to sail in search of a charter, none being obtainable in Chefoo, the doctor would not give his professional consent for his patient to go on board the ship. He gravely informed the Captain that it would be necessary for his wife to remain on shore under treatment for at least three months longer, and that her nervous system was in such a critical condition that the greatest care must be exercised, else she might never recover from the severe nervous shock and mental strain to which she had been subjected. There was nothing to do but submit to the inevitable. But the ship could not remain idle for three months, and the Captain was obliged to seek for a charter that would keep him employed while awaiting the recovery of his wife.

While Captain Willis was in the midst of these troubles, the crew came aft in a body one morning to have a "talk with the old man."

"Well, my men, what can I do for you?" inquired the Captain in a pleasant manner, as he sur-

veyed the group of sailors formed in a semicircle in front of him, reading their thought as they stood in respectful silence with their eyes first on the Captain, then looking far away over the harbor and back again to the deck, as if ashamed of their mission.

"Captain," said Tom Bowline, then hesitating as if undecided what to say and how to begin, and half inclined not to say anything, he hitched up his trousers, looked to windward, then at his mates, and stood like a bashful schoolboy, awkwardly toying with his souwester, while his shipmates mutely showed their sympathy, not unmixed with chagrin, for the failure of their acknowledged leader and authorized spokesman to represent them in a shipshape manner on the quarter-deck before the "old man." The Captain, seeing the embarrassment of the honest old sailor and desiring to help him, said, "You want to leave the ship," and then to himself, "I don't blame them; why should any one suffer for the sorrows of another?"

"You see Captain," said Tom, who being encouraged found his tongue, "We's awful sorry for you an' the Missus an' little Harry," wiping his eyes with his sleeve, "we's good sailors, an' no cowardly lan'-lubbers. We've got er good ship an' good officers, with plenty of good grub, an' I knows an' I speaks for my mates that you is er first-class deep water sailor." Then with an air of superiority he

looked proudly around at his mates and continued, "Man and boy I've sailed deep water nigh onto forty years, an' never signed ship's articles on board er lan' jammer; but we's ready to hug the lan' with you for three months or more on Missus' account, even if you has to take to river sailin' an' fresh water, but——"

"But what, Tom?" inquired the Captain, the sailor again hesitating as if ashamed to state the real reason for deserting the ship in a foreign port.

"We can't stan' by er ha'nted ship," blurted out Tom, with great effort and much relief to himself and mates. Then in true sailor style he told the Captain of the strange noises they had heard on board; the unnatural movements of the ship, and her ghost-like appearance in fine weather; the trouble with the side lights, and Harry's laugh.

The Captain gave very close attention to that which was to Tom and his mates of the greatest importance, and was apparently as much interested in the recital of their grievances as if he were listening to a lecture on mathematical astronomy. He knew the superstitions of sailors, and they did not appear any more absurd to him than the good and bad signs of landmen. If he could respect one he could the other. There was just as good reason for the sailor to leave his ship with the rats as for his brother on land to carry a rabbit's foot. The sailor

had the same reason to believe bad luck would follow the ship that sailed on Friday as his shore brother had to think ill luck would follow him if he should first see the new moon over the left shoulder.

"Have you seen anything that you would be willing to swear, on your oath as a sailor, was a spirit from the other world?" inquired the Captain very gravely.

"No, Captain, I can't say on oath as we has."

"Have you heard any strange or unnatural noise since we entered the Yellow Sea?"

"No, sir," said Tom nervously, chewing the rim of his souwester.

"Then," said the Captain quizzingly, "if the ghosts have left the ship, why do you want to pull for another berth?"

"Do you think they has left?" cried all hands in one voice, while Tom looked troubled and cast a reproachful glance at his mates.

"Do you want me to tell you what I think of the whole matter?" inquired the Captain, with all the solemnity of manner and speech that the occasion required.

"Yes, sir," came in a chorus of voices, and Tom was no longer a representative for his mates, for they, like shore people, had taken up their own cause in

the popular way, which dispensed with the services of leader or tribune.

“Well,” said the Captain, “the circumstances connected with this voyage, the fine weather, and idle life, together with the solemnity which pervades the ship, have preyed upon your minds and you have nursed those gloomy thoughts until your imaginations have run wild, and like a ship without a rudder, have been making a crooked wake, wandering around out of your reckoning, without chart or compass. Why should this ship be haunted? There has been no crime committed on board, no spirit has left the body of any one connected with this voyage; and the fact that as soon as you found work enough to divert your minds into another channel you have not heard any strange sounds, and the side lights have not given you any more trouble, is evidence enough to satisfy any well ballast’d sailor that his suspicions have no foundation.”

“But what makes the side lights go out so many times?” inquired one of the sailors, while the rest appeared to be thinking seriously over the Captain’s reasonable explanation of what had so troubled them.

“Have you forgotten,” quietly answered the Captain, “that we always have trouble with the lights in fine weather? Every sailor knows that, if he don’t understand the cause. If the lanterns were so constructed as to have ventilation enough for the lights to burn brightly in a calm, when you can carry a

lighted candle about deck, they would let in too much air whenever we have a whole sail breeze, and be of no use whatever in a gale of wind."

"That's square-rigged, mates," said Tom Bowline, who was always authority in consideration of his forty years on salt water.

"But," continued the Captain, "this is a gloomy ship, and ill suited to light-hearted sailors. I don't blame you for wanting to leave such melancholy surroundings, and you are free to go. The law will not allow me to give you an honorable discharge, but come aft in an hour and get your wages. After dark go quietly ashore, but keep a sharp lookout for the land sharks, who will follow in your wake in hopes of the reward I shall offer in compliance with the law in such cases. It will be my painful duty to enter you in the logbook as deserters in order to account to the authorities in the states for my failure to return you to the home port. I am sorry to part company with you. We have sailed together for many years. I have no hard feelings, and hope you will find a good ship, and"—dropping his voice—"may you never know the sorrow that is crushing my life out and killing your poor Missus."

"You may keelhaul me, Captain," said old Tom, with the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks and forgetting his "forty years" preamble, "if I leaves this ship. We'll stay with you an' stan' by the ship;

we won't leave er shipmate on er lee shore. It was the ghosts, an' we has been a lot of lubberly fools; what say you, mates?"

"Three chee ——"

"Avast heaving, mates!" said Tom, "we can't cheer when Missus 's ashore sick an' little Harry with the savages."

As the Captain silently held out his hand old Tom grasped it with a grip that assured the Captain of his sympathy and support. Each sailor in turn shook hands with the "old man" and quietly left the quarter-deck.

"Noble fellows," mused the Captain later, watching them contentedly lounging on the topgallant fore-castle, smoking and spinning yarns, "ready to fight man or beast at a moment's notice; every day in peril of their lives. But if they should see a rat leave the ship, every one of them would follow, and no reason or logic could bring them back." Then ordering Mr. Baker to get the ship under way and lay off and on, he stepped over the side, down the ship ladder into the boat. The men gave way and the boat shot through the water toward the large hotel on the beach.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TYPHOON

AFTER backing and filling for an hour or more, the ship filled away and stood in toward the hotel on the beach, tacked ship upon meeting the boat, and with her main topsail to the mast waited for the Captain to come alongside.

"Stand by the lee main braces!" ordered the Captain, as he reached the deck, and the boat was run up to the davits, "main topsail haul!" The yards swung around, the sails filled, and the ship gathered way on her course up the Gulf of Pechili, bound for Neuchwang. The Captain dipped his flag. A white handkerchief waved from the veranda of the hotel on the beach. That was all—but who can describe the feelings of the man on the ship, leaving his wife sick in a foreign land, or the anguish of the woman on the veranda among strangers, her boy, if alive, with the savages, and her husband again on the treacherous sea?

Receiving her cargo in Neuchwang, for Amoy, the ship was again in the Gulf of Pechili, slowly making her way to the Yellow Sea. The weather had been fine for several days; in fact, too fine for that part

of the world and the season of the year. The beautiful cirrus clouds floating high and slowly moving from the east; hot, dry, and very light air, and a slightly rising barometer, are to the sailor ominous signs not to be disregarded.

A halo around the sun during the day and a veil over the face of the moon at night; the sunrise and sunset gloriously colored with crimson, gold, and amber, and the twilight rays beautiful beyond description;—these might deceive the landsman, but never the sailor.

The ship had made but little progress for several days, and now was hardly under steerageway. About thirty miles off the starboard beam the high promontory of Shantung, with Chefoo on one side and Port Arthur on the other, stood clearly outlined in that clear, transparent atmosphere which always precedes a typhoon.

The Captain, apparently unconcerned, walked the quarter-deck, watching the barometer as if calculating how long before the storm would be upon him, and casting longing glances toward the land. He knew what was coming, but he had confidence in himself and in his ship, and one storm more or less makes but little difference in the life of a sailor.

"Mr. Baker," said the Captain, as that officer came on deck, "send down topgallant and royal yards, and strike the topgallant masts fore and aft, and make all snug for a good-sized tea party."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the officer, as he went forward to execute the order.

The Captain continued to pace the deck, watching the weather and the sailors, who were working with a will, making ready for the storm that was soon to burst upon them. The beautiful cirrus formation was gradually replaced by heavy masses of cumulus clouds, and the few patches of blue sky were streaked with faint dashes of pale cirrus forms. Long regular swells, gradually increasing in volume, were heaving the surface of the ocean, and the thin, transparent mist creeping over the water, together with the falling of the barometer, gave unmistakable evidence that the terror of the China Sea was approaching. The temperature began to fall, and the air became oppressive from the increasing dampness, with the sky threatening and vaporous. The ship slowly rising on the ever increasing swell, then as quietly dropping into the hollow of the sea, with her sails filling, then flapping against the masts with a sound peculiar to a strange atmospheric condition, caused all on board to feel an ominous, inexplicable dread which cannot be described.

"Take in the upper topsails, reef the foresail, and stow the main and mizzen courses!" ordered the Captain.

The ship was soon under lower topsails, fore, main, and mizzen staysails, and reefed fore course. The sun went down behind a heavy bank of clouds, the

vanguard of the terrible enemy that was yet below the horizon.

The phosphorescence of the sea was greatly increased, while the crest of the swell, already slightly agitated by the imperceptible pressure of the wind, began to ripple, producing a light, weird sound that, amid the darkness and the solemn stillness, might be imagined the wail of a lost soul.

The Captain and officers were silently watching the dark, appalling bank that was slowly, but surely creeping toward the zenith, while the crew, gathered in the waist, was waiting with nervous dread, like soldiers before a battle, the approach of the raging elements.

The typhoon was now close aboard. Already puffs of warm, damp air could be felt, while a long luminous line of phosphoric foam, like a rim of fire, revealed the close proximity of the storm. The Captain, who had been watching for the first sign that would indicate from what quarter the wind would strike the ship, shouted through his speaking trumpet, "Stand by the starboard main braces!" and every man was at his station. "Let go and haul; lively, men!" but they did not need the last command; every man realized the importance of quick action. The heavy yards, with the whirl of the ropes running through the rattling blocks, swung around with a mournful sound, just in time to catch the first squall, which struck the ship with such

force that she careened lower and lower until her yard-arms nearly touched the water. The great ship sagged, trembled, and then gradually picking herself up, gathered headway, and like a frightened monster of the deep dashed away in the darkness, with a great roll of fiery foam before her, leaving a luminous serpentine wake behind.

The first danger was past. A moment's delay in executing the order would have imperiled the lives of all on board, for the ship would have been forced down, stern foremost, had she been caught aback in such a terrific squall.

"Not so bad sir, after all!" exclaimed Mr. Baker, as he came aft to report all snug and receive further orders.

"Our situation is critical in the extreme," replied the Captain; "we have not got the worst of it. The center of the storm is forward of the beam, and the land is too close aboard to lay to on the other tack. We cannot carry sail to cross the course of the advancing storm center; our only hope is in the staunchness of the ship, and no unlucky sea striking us at a critical moment."

"She's all oak, sir," replied the officer, "and we must take our chances as to unlucky seas," making a dive for the mizzen rigging just in time to save himself from a watery grave as a reminder of what was to follow tumbled over on deck, lifting him off

his feet and stretching him out like a weather vane. But he held his grip on the rigging, landed on his feet, and, spitting the salt water out of his mouth, went forward to see how things looked.

The wind increased in violence with each lengthening squall until there was no perceptible lull, but one continuous howling of the wind.

The sea presented the appearance of boiling water, due to the air which is caught and imprisoned by the seething foam on the crest of the huge waves lashed into fury. The sky was black and threatening, and had a peculiar awe-inspiring appearance, while the overpowering presentiment of coming danger struck terror to the hearts of even the brave sailors who had met danger in every form.

With a cannon-like report that could be heard above the shrieking wind and howling billows, every stitch of canvas was blown from the bolt ropes, which relieved the straining ship from the pressure that had buried her lee rail under the water. The sails furled on the yards were blown from their gaskets and stripped into ribbons. No bells were struck, no watch was set, but all hands watched, wet and weary, and fought for their lives, while the noble ship struggled with the elements threatening to engulf her. An increasing pressure of the wind, a perceptible change in the atmosphere, and a noticeable commotion of the water, then a calm; but one to

be feared more than the most terrific gale. It was the calm center of the typhoon, and few are the ships that ever come out of that treacherous storm center. The winds were hushed, but the seas, relieved from the pressure of the wind, were in the wildest confusion. Overhead the clouds were thin and high, often permitting the stars to peep cheerfully through, as if in mockery of the helpless ship below. But woe betide those who are deceived by the lull of this central calm, for around it on all sides the wind is sweeping in a circle, howling and shrieking at its greatest velocity, making it impossible to tell from what quarter the dangerous squall will sweep down and strike the ship as she emerges from the calm center. However appalling may be this central calm, which is caused by the rotary motion of the wind and is often twenty miles in diameter, it affords a breathing spell, and the sailor feels assured that half the storm has passed. After the first encounter with the wind on the other side of the circle, the worst is over. The clear space overhead was now closing up with the black angry clouds, and the ship, lying completely at the mercy of wind and wave, was soon met by the opposite circle of the storm, and like a leviathan of the deep, was making her last struggle for life. A monstrous wave struck her in the stern, lifted her up until she appeared to stand on end, then dropped her like a plaything into the hollow

of a sea, with her broad side presented to another fearful sea that completely hove her down. The wave that had thrown the ship on her beam ends partially whirled her around, so the next sea struck her on the lee quarter, bringing such a strain on the masts which were lying in the water that they snapped like pipestems. The ship, released from her top-hamper, righted, but was still entirely at the mercy of the waves that rose up like huge walls, sparkling with phosphorescent light, breaking into each other, and falling upon the deck with the force of a cataract. The luminous water *revealed only a black hull surrounded by the débris of the wreck. Everything movable had been washed from the deck. The large, heavy masts, with yards attached, were still held to the ship by the rigging, and acted upon by the billows, served as so many battering rams that threatened to crush in the sides of the ship.

The moaning of the wind and the driving of the spoon drift; the thunderous roar of the water, which was continually sweeping over the deck; men with bated breath frantically clinging for their lives; over all a terrible pall of inky darkness, relieved only by the mystical lurid light of the sea; — all this was a scene of wild and fearful grandeur seldom witnessed, neither can it be imagined or described. But once seen, it is never forgotten.

In addition to the horrors of the situation, three

men had been washed overboard and could be plainly seen from the deck, clinging to the spars which still held to the ship. It was useless to give orders. The human voice could not be heard above the roar of the storm. But this awful sight, supernatural in effect, as the glow of the lurid light of the sea shone full on the horrified faces of the drowning men, broke the spell that had fallen over all, and aroused the sailors from their stupor. They needed no orders, but rushed to the aid of their shipmates at the peril of their lives, and rescued them from a watery grave. Then with a determination born of desperation, they cleared from the ship the wreckage that had nearly completed her destruction.

At daylight the gale had spent its force, and the noble ship that so proudly breasted the waves but twelve hours before lay a helpless wreck in the track of the storm. It was a sad sight even for the hardy sailors who had witnessed many trying scenes, and passed through many dangers.

To a landsman the situation would appear as a hopeless one, if he was on board a large sailing ship, with nothing to show above the hull, and a thousand miles from the port of his destination. But not so with Captain Willis. With his wife sick in a foreign land and his boy among the cannibals, it was useless to fret about difficulties that must be overcome.

The spare spars lashed to the ringbolts on deck

had not been washed away, and inside of twenty-four hours the ship was making four knots, on her course, under jury masts which would bring her into port in ten days, if the breeze continued.

"Won't lose so much time after all," said Mr. Baker, as he looked with pride upon the jury masts that his untiring energy had so quickly rigged up. "You have done a good job, Mr. Baker, and if the wind holds fair we'll make pretty good time for a lame duck."

"Wrong season of the year, sir, to put any dependence in the northeast monsoon. She might have held on for another month if the typhoon had not knocked her out. We can make quite a wake with the wind abaft the beam, but when we brace up sharp on the wind we'll crawl to leeward like a crab off soundings," said the officer, sweeping his eye around the horizon.

"I guess you're right," replied the Captain, "but we will take what comes!"

"We've took what's come so far, and what we haven't took, the typhoon has," said Mr. Baker, looking around the sea-swept deck and glancing at the scanty sails.

"She don't look much like the Flyin' Dutchman now," said old Tom, lying on his back on the topgallant forecastle, and looking up at the foreyard lashed to the stump of the foremast, with a topgallant yard across. "The ole man's er sailor all right, an' Mr.

Baker's no lubber. I likes to sail with such men ; they knows how to handle er ship in er storm an' out of one. Say, mates, didn't the ole man line up that first en' of the typhoon shipshape ? That's seamanship. This remin's me of the cruise of the Polar Bear some thirty odd years back."

"Give us the yarn, mate," came in a chorus of voices. And so passed the first "dogwatch" after the storm, all hardships and dangers forgotten, smoking and spinning yarns, discussing the storm and criticising their officers, till the striking of eight bells cut short their yarns, to be continued in the next "dogwatch."

As Mr. Baker predicted, there was no more monsoon to depend upon, and what was gained with one wind was lost with the other ; but after beating about for four weeks, at the end of which time she was not halfway to port, an English man-of-war picked up the ship and towed her into port.

CHAPTER X

MRS. WYLIE, MISSIONARY

CHEFOO is a beautiful city, admirably located on the south shore of the harbor, and extending backward on gradually rising ground until it meets a long, low ridge of foothills parallel with the water front. Beyond, another ridge with its lofty peaks and green sloping sides form a pretty background, presenting a scene that artists love to paint.

In this "Newport" of China the *élite* of the foreign residents of the southern cities gather during the sultry months of July and August. To the east, just outside of the city limits, stood "The Hotel," kept by a Scotchman and his wife, chiefly his wife. The house, or rather houses, were squatted over a considerable territory, and connected in some way, but no casual observer could tell exactly how. The guests were never known to venture outside of their rooms without a guide, and frequently the servants wandered around for hours in the labyrinthiform hostlery. But the glory of the hotel was the one large hall where the guests assembled for their social

(100)

hops, which were a feature of the place and were often honored by the presence of local and foreign celebrities, notably General Grant and his suite while on their trip around the world. A broad veranda extending along the front of several houses and making some mysterious connection with each, furnished an ideal place for a lounge or promenade, and afforded a magnificent view of the harbor, overlooking a fine sandy beach with splendid bathing facilities, not only for the guests, but for all the foreign population of the justly celebrated city.

When the Captain, previous to his sailing for Neuchwang, sought lodgings for his wife at the hotel, the canny old Scotch lady received him with great formality, and conducting him to the great room, ordered a sumptuous lunch, which was served by her husband while his amiable spouse did the talking. The Captain was compelled to listen to the recital of the fine sanitary condition of the place, the solubility of the climate, and the distinguished people she entertained during the year. Then ordering her husband "to tidy up and clear away the lunch," she conducted the Captain to the great veranda and pointed out the wonderful view of the harbor, with his own ship in the distance. Improving the first opportunity, the Captain ventured to inquire regarding the cost of such excellent accommodations and rare privileges.

"Only five dollars a day, or thirty dollars a week for your lady, and fifteen dollars for your lady's maid."

"Have you not made a mistake, madam?" inquired the Captain, with the least bit of sarcasm in his voice, "five dollars a day for seven days would be thirty-five dollars."

"O no, indeed!" said the lady, holding up both hands in horror, "I can't take money for the holy Sabbath day."

The Captain could hardly suppress a smile. He was unprepared for such piety and high prices, considering the poor accommodations; but he was in the hands of the Philistines, and submitted to be shorn. He engaged what she was pleased to term a suite of rooms, consisting of one large room fronting the harbor, a wardrobe or dressing room, which was an excavation made in the wall of another house, and a bath room without a bath tub, but instead a sawed off cask without water connections, that had seen service on board some whaling ship. But the landlady, with one of her money-catching smiles, informed the Captain that "the boy" (meaning the Chinese servant) "would fetch the water for a few cash."

As the Captain did not appear very much enthused over this "beautiful suite of rooms and artistic furnishings, which was already reserved for Lord ——, who had not as yet sailed from England," she men-

tioned the free use of the veranda, with no extra charge for the salubrious climate and full view of the harbor.

These magnanimous concessions, together with such a show of motherly solicitude for the "poor sick lady so young and pretty with no mother to care for her," could not be resisted, but the Captain gave a sigh of relief as he stepped into his boat, and with an anxious glance over his shoulder, quickly ordered the men to "give way lively!"

This was to be the home of the Captain's wife while her husband was filling in the three months prescribed by the doctor as necessary for the recovery of her health. Under any other circumstances the situation could not have been tolerated, but her only care was for her health; without it she would not be able to accomplish the object of her life, the rescue of her boy, which she looked forward to with all the fond hopes of a mother's love.

She did not improve as rapidly as the doctor had predicted. He had diagnosed her case correctly, and had administered the regular remedies, but they did not produce the desired, or expected results. What was the trouble? As usual, when doctors can think of nothing else, after experimenting with all the remedies mentioned in the pharmacopœia, he advised a change of location. The hotel was too near the sea level; a higher altitude would be beneficial; the stir

of so many people was not desirable; it irritated the nerves, and her whole system required absolute rest and perfect quiet. This new prescription was really an encouraging feature, for if her condition had been serious he would have advised the invigorating climate of Hong-Kong, or the bracing air of Hokodadi; in fact, anywhere to have gotten her off his hands, even at the sacrifice of the large fee he was charging up to the Captain. She was anxious to follow the doctor's advice and to leave "The Hotel," but where was she to go? A stranger among strangers, she had studiously avoided society, since she did not feel equal to the demands it might impose, and she must reserve her strength.

The doctor had made his usual morning call, and reported his failure to find a suitable place for madam; but that afternoon he would "call upon Mrs. Wylie, an American missionary, who lives on the ridge back of the town." Then leaving the regulation pills, powders, etc., he gave the maid more orders than she could remember, and with "I'll call again this evening," was off to his boat on the beach.

The Captain's wife was looking out over the harbor with a dreamy expression, as if her thoughts were not in harmony with her vision. The maid was gently brushing her long, dark hair, which always seemed to soothe her tired nerves more than any medicine the doctor prescribed. Each was so absorbed that they

did not notice the door open, and two ladies enter the room; one sweet faced and of middle age, with kindness stamped in every feature, the other, who might have been her daughter, with the same sympathetic expression. They hesitated for an instant, as if undecided whether to advance or speak, but seeing they had not attracted attention they advanced and were beside the Captain's wife before she knew any one was in the room. She looked up very wearily, but the moment she saw the motherly face she intuitively sprang up and threw both arms around her neck, and burst into tears for the first time since the loss of little Harry. The kind lady took her in her arms as tenderly as if she had been a child, then, womanlike, they all cried without knowing the cause. But it was sufficient for the visitors to know that one of their sisters was in trouble, and tears brought relief to the broken heart.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Wylie, for that was her name, "I am so glad I have found you," but she did not tell her that she had called at the hotel every day for a week, and that the landlady refused to present her card, giving as a reason that the lady's order was not to admit any one to her room. However, she did tell her how she had succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the keen-eyed old Scotch lady, and had entered the house unobserved by the spying servants.

The door opened again and in came the blustering landlady, officious, but extremely polite.

"I beg your pardon, ladies, will you please make your call as brief as possible for the sake of the poor sick lady? She is very weak and nervous, as you can see; she is crying now. She cries most of the time. I will bring her up to see you just as soon as the doctor will permit me to take her out. Donald," she called to her husband, who had followed her as far as the door and stood there meekly awaiting further orders from the head of the family, "when these ladies are ready, accompany them to their chairs."

"Don't worry, dear," said Mrs. Wylie, while the Captain's wife clung close to her, as if afraid she would leave. Then to the landlady, "this poor child is going home with me. She is broken-hearted. I know her sorrow. Mary," to her companion, "please order two chairs."

The landlady was so completely surprised by the cool, authoritative manner of Mrs. Wylie that she did not say a word, but eased her mind to some extent by boxing her husband's ears as she passed him at the door.

The Captain's wife knew she had found a friend, and without knowing who she was or where she was going, clung to her as she would her mother.

A refreshing ride in the comfortable sedan chairs brought them to a pretty New England cottage hid-

den by shade trees and creeping vines. The doctor called upon Mrs. Wylie in the afternoon, who, in answer to his earnest pleadings for his patient, said with an expression that puzzled him, "You are a little too late, for I have just given up my own room to a very deserving young lady who will be our guest for some time; but she is an invalid and may need professional attention; will you please step into the next room?" rising and leading the way. "Permit me to introduce——" Here the astonished doctor interrupted the introduction by exclaiming, "How did you get here before you left the hotel?"

This Irish bull caused a ripple of laughter at the expense of the doctor. Recovering from his surprise, the doctor declared that his patient was much improved and that his never failing remedies were producing their usual magical effect. The ladies smiled, wondering if that remark was another sample of the doctor's Irish wit.

This new home for the Captain's wife was a sweet haven of rest to the storm-tossed soul. Mrs. Wylie and her missionary companions were from New England, which was the home of her guest, and their native tastes were manifested, not only in the house and furnishing, but in the well-kept lawn, pretty flower beds and shrubbery, with vines climbing all over the house. The high elevation of this New England home afforded a magnificent bird's-eye view of a miniature China,

with a typical Chinese city nestling below, and villages strung like beads on ribbon-like roads radiating from the central city to a vanishing point. Beyond the city lay the broad, smooth waters of the finest harbor in the Empire, dotted with craft of all kinds, from the Chinese junk to the clipper ships and stately war craft of all nations. The ships were coming and going, and sanpans were flitting from shore to ship, producing a panoramic effect during the day, and, with the lights of the ships resembling a well-lighted city, a fairy scene, at night.

The quiet, religious influences of the mission house pervaded the whole atmosphere and produced a most wonderful change in the health of the Captain's wife.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wylie, as she came in from a visit of mercy to one of the heathens, "do come out and behold the most glorious sunset you ever witnessed."

"I have seen these beautiful sunsets before," said the Captain's wife sadly, "and they always precede the typhoon." Then looking over the harbor and far away to seaward, where sky and water meet, she continued, "My husband is on the sea, and cannot be far from this place."

"Don't worry about your husband, dear," said Mrs. Wylie gently, "it will not help him and it will do you much harm." Then she turned the conversation into a more pleasant channel.

The clouds gradually crept over the sky, increasing in blackness, till the storm burst upon the city in all its fury. No one went to bed that terrible night of wind and storm. The converted Chinese flocked to the mission and huddled together in the chapel and school-room, while the heathen sought their temples and implored their gods for protection. The sun rose bright and cheerful on a scene of destruction, as if to atone for the havoc of the storm. The beach was strewn with the wreckage of junks, sanpans, and other small craft; but the foreign ships in port rode out the storm in safety. The city had not suffered much, as the houses were well built, thanks to a previous typhoon that had demolished the poorly-constructed city of a former period; but the streets were blockaded with shutters and the débris of verandas, and other extra trimmings, while the market place was swept clean of its booths and the stalls of the money changers.

The men-of-war stationed at Chefoo cruised outside for several days, rendering assistance to all they met, and towing into port the dismasted that were fortunate enough to be picked up.

The Captain's wife did not show as much anxiety after the storm as she did before, which was surprising to Mrs. Wylie, who carefully avoided any mention of the typhoon and its probable results. She watched the men-of-war as they left the harbor, and knew their mission. She saw them return with the unfortunate ships

in tow and knew that her husband's ship was not among them.

"One of those ships may be your husband's," said Mrs. Wylie, as they sat at the window watching the men-of-war as they brought their tows up to the anchorage.

"No," she replied, "my husband's ship was dismantled in the storm, and is now making her way to port under jury mast, and it will be a long time before I shall hear from him; but the ship is safe and he is all right." This, said in such a quiet, assuring manner, caused Mrs. Wylie to look with surprise at her guest. Not noticing the astonishment of her friend, for her thoughts were far away, the Captain's wife continued in the same soft tone, "On the night of the typhoon I was on board the ship, and the stars were shining overhead, but such a fearful sea, and oh! such darkness all around, made more appalling by the circular patch of clear sky directly overhead. But this did not last long; the wind struck the ship and she was thrown down. The masts gave way and she righted, and after a while the wind went down. When I awoke it was daylight."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Wylie, we were much surprised and greatly relieved when you fell asleep a little before midnight, and we were careful not to awaken you. But what a remarkable dream, and I

believe every word of it. Our Heavenly Father knows how much we can bear, but how do you know the ship is under jury masts, as you call them, and what are they, anyway?"

"Well," replied the Captain's wife, smiling at the earnestness of her friend, "I was born on the coast of New England; my father and my brothers are sailors. I married a sailor and have passed several years on shipboard, and am familiar with nautical terms and usage. Jury masts are spars rigged up in place of those that have been carried away. The ship cannot make much progress under these improvised masts and sails, and it will take a much longer time for the ship to reach her port of destination."

"Well, dear," replied Mrs. Wylie, "I don't know much about jury masts or any other masts, but I am glad you have the assurance of your husband's safety. That being settled," she said gayly, "you have nothing to do but to get well."

The Captain's wife improved rapidly under the motherly care of Mrs. Wylie, and the quieting influence pervading the mission house was soothing to the exhausted nerves, and when she received a message from her husband to meet him at Swatow, she was able to make the trip and as she stood on the deck of the steamer, ready to sail, taking leave of

her kind friends, she was cheerful if not happy. The joyful news of her husband's arrival at Amoy, and the prospects of meeting him in a few days lessened the sorrow she felt in parting with the dear old lady who had been a mother to her in her greatest affliction.

CHAPTER XI.

FIGHT WITH PIRATES

THE ship had been thoroughly overhauled, and refitted with spars, rigging, and sails, and more to please the sailors than anything else, she now had skysail yards crossed. The last back stay had been set down, and the yards squared by lifts and braces. The sailors, after their hard day's work, were lounging about on the topgallant forecastle, silently admiring their own handiwork. Old Tom, breaking the silence with his usual preface to all important questions, said, "Man an' boy I've sailed salt water nigh onto forty yēars, an' never erboard er skysail yarder, but they look more like broomsticks, an' carries er sail 'bout the size of er ole woman's apron."

"Avast heaving, mate," said the new hand who had taken rank next to old Tom as a deep water sailor and yarn spinner, and was familiarly called Jack, "the ole man only put them sticks across to please us, an' you set us to wantin' 'em. When we goes aft what did the ole man say?"

"Why," said Tom, "he kinder smiles an' says,

'Well, boys, if ye wants to take care of 'em, up they goes.'"

"That's right, mate," said Jack, "but the ole man knows we'll get tired of 'em playthings. Just that more top-hamper to take care of."

"True, mate," replied Tom, "they hain't no use, but it makes the ole girl look lofty an' kind er stately like, an' we takes no back water now from any ship er float." Then, as if the skysail yards were a reflection upon his judgment as a practical sailor, he looked down the harbor and continued, "I wonder when the ole man an' Missus will pull into port? He's been gone er week."

"Can't tell," said Jack, reflectively biting off a chew of navy. "Missus is comin' by the way of Swatow on one of 'em hot-water craft loaded to her scuppers with oil cake an' peas, steamers they calls 'em," rising to his feet, "sposen the biler busts, or some of 'em cogwheels gets out er geer, where'd she be?"

"They'd rig up jury mast an' get into port way we did," said Tom, with an air of superior knowledge.

"Rig up jury mast," slowly repeated Jack contemptuously, then to the group of sailors, ignoring Tom, "There's no sailors erboard them teapots. Just er lot er lan' lubbers, me-can-iks they calls 'em, an' coal heavers. They don't know er spanker boom

from er jackstay, an' them steamboats just creep along through the water as if they's shamed to be er float, an' er topsail breeze washes the seas over 'em like er half tide rock. Guess Missus 'll be glad to get erboard er ship ag'n."

Jack had struck the right chord for the old sailing ship sailors, and Tom was losing caste, but he was too old a sailor to be caught on the wrong tack.

"That's square in the wake, mates," said Tom, covering the bowl of his pipe with the palm of his hand, and pulling hard, "I kinder thinks we oughter give Missus some kin' of er reception when she comes erboard."

"That's true, mates," said Jack, "but what shall we do? We can't have no jollification till we fin' Harry."

"Let's go aft an' see the mate," said Tom, "we must do the square thing."

"Well, men, what can I do for you; want to go on shore?" asked Mr. Baker, as the ship's company lined up on the quarter-deck.

"No sir," said Tom, "we don't wants to go ashore; we wants your advice. We wants to pay our respects to Missus when she gets on board, an' we don't wants to crowd too much sail on the wrong tack, but we wants to show her that we is glad she's got back, an' don't want to show any disregard to her feelin's on account of Harry."

"Very kind and considerate of you, men," said Mr.

Baker sympathetically, "I will think the matter over and have a talk with you in the morning. We will all join in the welcome to Missus."

"We all has wages due us, sir. We wants everything shipshape, an' don't care for the cost, an' we all wants to pay our shares," said Jack.

"All right, men," said Mr. Baker. "Captain and Missus will be in tomorrow afternoon, and we will manage something that will be proper."

"Can't depend on them steamers, sir," said Jack. Then saluting the officer the crew went forward, well pleased with the result of their mission aft.

"Mail boat from Swatow," said Mr. Baker, slowly reading the signal displayed on the flagstaff of the signal station, which greatly relieved the sailors who were togged out in their shore clothes, nervously awaiting the arrival of Missus. The men were having a holiday, and the ship was dressed with flags from jib boom end to spanker boom. All the captains in port, knowing the sad circumstances connected with the loss of little Harry, and following the example of Mr. Baker, dressed their own ships, which gave the harbor a gala day, but quiet, appearance.

As the mail boat steamed up slowly between the tiers of ships that lay moored on both sides of the channel, flags were dipped by each ship in turn as the steamer passed them, much to the surprise of the captain and passengers of the mail boat, who

wondered what great personage they had on board to whom such honors were due. It was not honor to great achievement, it was not honor to rank or nobility; but it was the silent hearts' response to the father and mother in their great grief. It was that human sympathetic chord whose vibrations were felt by every one in touch with it.

As the Captain's wife entered the cabin she gave one glance around, then sat down and cried. The cabin was transformed into a veritable bower of roses, and over the door of her stateroom the word "Welcome" artistically worked out in white roses, with a green background. This was the sailors' reception. When she could control her emotions the sailors were called into the cabin and received heartfelt thanks from Missus and the Captain. Tom felt as if the occasion called for some kind of a speech, and bracing himself began, "Man an' ——" but a nudge from Jack checked his preamble. He tried to begin again, but failed. Jack, feeling as if the honor of the fore-castle was at stake, took the floor, but after several attempts to frame an opening remark, he blurted out, "Did ye like that steamboat, Missus?"

"No, Jack," said Missus smiling, "I never want to step on board a steamship again, and I am glad to get back to our own ship once more."

"Didn't I tell ye so, mates?" said Jack triumphantly. Then paying their respects to Missus the

sailors left the cabin, well pleased with their part of "Missus' reception."

Leaving the harbor of Amoy the ship sailed for Surabaya, on the east coast of Java. She took the northeast monsoon, which for a month or more had been blowing strong in the northern part of the China Sea, and the Captain, feeling assured that the periodical wind, extending to the Straits of Sunda, had set in for its regular term of six months, looked forward to a quick and pleasant passage.

Although piracy in its boldest form had been suppressed since the advent of steamships, yet it was extremely dangerous for unprotected ships, if caught near the land. War ships of all nations were stationed in the principal ports, and made frequent cruises, but could give no protection to a ship, becalmed, among the islands, under cover of darkness.

The direct route down the China Sea lay close to the easternmost and largest island of an extensive group off the Gulf of Tonquin, and the Captain had no reason to change from the regular course. With the strong northeast monsoon there was no danger of pirates, either in the large junks or in small canoes, boarding his fast ship. The wind held strong with a high barometer and no indication of a change.

On the morning of the fourth day from Amoy land was sighted, and as the Captain desired to improve the opportunity to gain some idea of an island

of which no mention, except to location, was made in any nautical work, he changed his course so as to run within a mile of the coast.

With the exception of huge mountain-like cumulus low on the southwest horizon, the sky was clear; but the barometer fell slightly while the thermometer rose, yet the wind continued fresh and there was no apparent reason why the island would not be left far astern before dark.

"I don't like the looks of that mass of round-heads in the southwest," said Mr. Baker, as he professionally scanned the horizon.

"It does look as if the northeast monsoon was not quite sure of its position yet, but I guess she will knock out the southwester," replied the Captain. But what a magnificent island! 'The prettiest spots on earth are peopled by savages,' this reflectively, "but then civilization destroys all natural beauty, anyway, and what does it give in return? What charming scenery! I never got such a fine view of this island before; too bad we can't spare the time to go ashore."

"I wish we were farther off shore, sir," said Mr. Baker, reprovingly, "distance would lend enchantment to my view at least, especially so on account of Missus."

The Captain, not well pleased with the tone and remark of his old and tried officer, replied in no

pleasant manner: "With all due respect to your judgment as an old sailor, I don't see any great danger in running this coast down close aboard; and more, sir, it is my duty to make note of all islands in my course and report my observations to the Nautical office at Washington for the general benefit of navigation," and he looked over the ship's side, then at Mr. Baker. "Pirates would soon quit business if they depended upon ships in a breeze like this, and it don't slack up a bit."

"Neither will it, sir," said Mr. Baker earnestly, "till we run plump into the calm. The fact is, sir, the monsoons are fighting, and when we get between the two contending winds there will be a dead calm, which may last for hours."

"You are right, sir," said the Captain, "as to the conflict of opposing winds, and the only question is the location of the aerial battle, which I believe is a long way from this island. The northeaster has been blowing steady for a month, and did you ever know her to let go for the southwester after she got such a start?"

"Not ordinarily, Captain, but you see the typhoon broke up the souwester, and the noreaster started in a month ahead of time; and while she has been broke up several times and held pretty steady, up north, for three or four weeks she hasn't forced her way down sea yet." Then coming close to the

Captain and speaking in a low tone, he continued, "if we get becalmed off this island you'll have more observations to report to the Nautical office for the benefit of navigation, and there will not be so many pirates in this part of the world by daylight tomorrow morning. I have met them before. They are nothing more or less than wild men, but they will fight like devils. They haven't much to fight with, and if it was not for Mis—Look at that smoke!"

The Captain, looking toward the south end of the island, saw a perpendicular column of gray smoke, and a calm streak extending a long distance off shore. "Stand by the starboard braces!" he ordered, losing all interest in the beautiful island and his report for the benefit of navigation, while a look of alarm was plainly discernible. "Let go and haul—brace up sharp on the wind!" Then to the man at the wheel, "Full and by, with a rap full!"

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the sailor; then low to his watchmate just relieving the wheel, "Guess the ole man's found that a'ril battlefield."

The rattling of blocks and creaking of yards brought the Captain's wife on deck, and to her look of inquiry the Captain replied in the most casual manner, "The current is setting us in too near the land, and I am hauling off shore." She did not show any alarm, and, the sea being rough, soon went below. The ship, under a heavier pressure, by being brought up to the

wind, was crawling off shore in fine style, while the calm streak which had so alarmed the Captain, was growing wider and gradually creeping up to the ship.

"The winds are in for a fight, and so are we," said Mr. Baker. "If that calm streak would come faster we might get the souwester on the other side of the calm. She has pretty near found her match, and won't go much farther, but will lay and fight the noreaster, and we may lay becalmed till after midnight."

The ship had made but two miles off shore when the breeze, still blowing, had lost its force and the calm was close aboard. The sails hung loosely from the yards. The ship lost steerageway and lay becalmed within three miles of the island. The calm streak, backing up to windward like a prairie fire, creeping away from the ship, and widening the space where two winds of great force were waging a royal battle, presented a wonderful, but not infrequent natural phenomenon.

Heavy cumulus clouds were rising in the northeast to meet those of the southwest, while far up the Gulf of Tonquin was another huge mass of the same formation, resembling snow-capped mountains, and close aboard the island, with its thick green foliage relieved by innumerable slender columns of smoke indicating its dense population.

Night came on. The northeast clouds gradually

ascended toward the zenith, while the bank in the southwest remained stationary; but the well-defined outlines of the beautiful cumulus in the northwest softened and took on the form of the nimbus, or rain clouds.

"The blackest night, sir, I ever saw," said Mr. Baker, as the Captain, coming out of the cabin, ran into the officer in the darkness.

"It does look wild," replied the Captain, looking around overhead, "but it will prevent those pirates from finding us, and we will certainly get the wind before a great while."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Baker, "and I wish she was here now. I don't like this helpless condition so close to that infernal island."

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Baker?" asked the Captain, "You are getting as nervous as my wife. Are all hands going crazy? and is this ship a floating lunatic asylum?"

"With all respect, Captain, and I know my place, Missus would not get so nervous if you paid more attention to what she says. She wanted you to westward these islands and she is as good a navigator as we are, and knew that one route was as favorable as the other. There are not pirates enough on any other island of this group to man a boat. You would not have found much to report for the benefit of navigation, but you would not have run any risk."

The Captain did not resent the frank words of his chief officer, but inquiringly said, "How can they pick up a ship three miles from land on a night like this? It is so dark you can feel it, and you can't see the length of the ship, and a prospect of a squall any moment."

"They picked us up before dark, sir, and have not lost sight of this ship since we struck the calm. They, like all savages, can see in the night much better than civilized races. They are devils, and all in business with their father. The large form of the ship will be plainly seen by them while we cannot discern the outlines of their largest boats. As for the prospect of a squall keeping them off the water, I have met them in a full topsail breeze, ten miles from land, just out for a swim." Then speaking low as if afraid Missus, asleep in the cabin, might hear, he continued, "I believe we are surrounded now and have been for some time. I have not mentioned it for fear of alarming Missus, but I am quite sure I heard the dip of paddles an hour ago. I have made all preparations and every man is armed. The big guns are loaded, but no use in the dark. We'll have to depend on our revolvers and cutlasses."

The Captain had great respect for the judgment of his trusted officer, yet he did not feel as if there was much cause for alarm. His wife was asleep in

her stateroom. Why disturb her with idle fears? There was nothing to do but wait for the wind and savages. "Well, Mr. Baker," said the Captain, "if they come, we will give them a warm reception. We seem to be in for it this voyage, and a fight more or less don't matter, but there is one thing in our favor; we are light loaded, and they can't board us only over the bow."

"That's right, sir, they can't climb up our sides, but they are tigers,—Hear that, Captain?" said Mr. Baker in a whisper. The Captain heard the slow, soft dip-dip and the dripping of the water from the paddles. The sound came from all around. The pirates were stealthily closing in on the ship.

"Make no noise," said the Captain, "but muster all hands on the topgallant forecastle."

Silently the men took their places, the Captain with them peering into the darkness, endeavoring to locate the enemy, and make some estimate of their number.

The clouds were becoming more dense and threatening, and it was evident that the wind was not far off.

The boats gathered under the bows, and the head gear was crowded with savages, pressing their way to and over the bow. The ship's company, headed by the Captain, was making a vigorous defense of the ship, but the pirates sprang up everywhere in the dark-

ness. Some were crawling in over the cathead, and the crew was obliged to abandon the topgallant fore-castle and retreat abaft of the last place of ingress, in order to keep the pirates in front of them and preserve an unbroken front. This move left the bows clear, and the yelling savages poured in over the topgallant fore-castle unrestricted. Not a man on board expected to come out of that fight alive, but each was determined to sell his life as dear as possible, and fought as only a man under such circumstances can. Step by step the gallant crew was forced back by the howling savages, who were being pressed forward by those behind coming in over the unprotected bows. No thought was given to the wind. It was fight until the last man fell. As the hard-pressed ship's company was forced back to the break of the quarter, which was four feet high, they were in a desperate condition. Unless they could gain the quarter-deck their time was short, but to break their solid front across the deck was also fatal. If the quarter-deck could be gained they had another chance. This could only be accomplished by the sacrifice of half the crew, but it would prolong the fight and kill more pirates.

"Count off every other man, Mr. Baker," said the Captain, "and make a break for the quarter-deck, and sweep the decks with the guns; we've that chance left."

"No, Captain," replied that noble officer, jerking



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AND LEAPED OVERBOARD.

out his words as he dealt deathblows in front of him, "you break for the guns—remember Missus—a few minutes don't make much difference anyway."

A flash of lightning! the fighting ceased! and with a howl of terror, every pirate rushed for the rail and leaped overboard.

Bewildered, the Captain looked around for the cause of the unexpected termination of the desperate fight, while the natives followed each other, like a flock of sheep, over the rail into the sea. A second flash revealed the mystery. There on the break of the quarter-deck stood the Captain's wife in a white night robe, her long dark hair waving in the light wind, motionless and white as a marble statue. At the first flash of lightning the pirates, who were facing the quarter-deck, caught sight of her, and thinking they had seen a ghost, they jumped overboard, terror-stricken. With the lightning came the wind, at first a light puff of air, then a fresh squall. The ship was no longer a helpless hulk at the mercy of the pirates; but under the influence of the wind was a monster of destruction to the fleeing natives.

The incessant flashes of lightning, illuminating the troubled waters for miles around, presented a scene never before witnessed. There were hundreds of large canoes with a capacity of from five to twenty persons. Some were bottom up, others tossing about on the waves with no hand to guide them, still others overloaded,

fleeing for safety. Men were clinging to paddles and overturned canoes, and the cries of the drowning could be heard above the rumbling of the thunder. The ship, with blood running from her scuppers and leaving a crimson wake behind, and carrying destruction to all in front of her, was a terrible avenger of those who had fallen in defense of the ship. Wildly the elements raged above and men raged below. The crew, in harmony with the environments, showed no mercy.

Under the directions of the Captain, standing on the topgallant forecastle, the ship ran down every canoe in her path, and guided by the lightning, chased them till there was not another one in sight. The dead and wounded were thrown overboard, and the raging waves washed away the stains of that fearful conflict.

The whole male population of the island must have been on the water that night. How many returned is not known; but it is an historical fact that there is one island in the China Sea where the women greatly outnumber the men. The readers of these lines will for the first time know the true cause.

CHAPTER XII.

MYSTERY

AFTER the last piratical craft had been run down, the Captain glanced astern, and then, as if satisfied with his work of vengeance, walked rapidly aft and entered the cabin, anxious to learn the condition of his wife. He had not seen her since the second flash of lightning, and naturally supposed she had gone below and that her maid was in attendance, but did not expect anything more than what usually happened on such occasions—a deathly faint lasting for hours. As he entered the main cabin he started with surprise. There was no one in sight, and no sign of life below deck. He dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out some terrible vision. A moment only he remained in that position, then sprang from the chair and rushed into his stateroom where his wife lay, sleeping as quietly as if she had been in her mother's room at home, far away from pirates and cannibals.

Recovering from this new surprise, he was much relieved to find her breathing easily, with a regular pulse. The maid was crouching in her room with hair

disheveled and gleaming eyes, crazed with fear. At sight of the Captain she rushed through the cabin door and on deck, but was caught by one of the sailors as she reached the rail and was about to plunge into the sea. Taking another look at his wife, then pinching himself to make sure he was awake, and puzzled beyond expression, the Captain went on deck, wondering if he really were in his right mind, and if the whole terrible experience was not a horrible nightmare.

The ship was bowling along under topsails and main topgallant sail. Everything was quiet and regular. The man at the wheel was silently performing his duty, and Mr. Baker walking the quarter-deck as if nothing unusual had happened. Eight bells struck, the watch changed, and the wheel relieved while the Captain stood leaning against the wheelhouse, nearly paralyzed from the reaction of the terrible conflict through which he had passed, and the mysterious appearance of his wife on deck.

"Have we had a fight with the natives?" inquired the Captain of Mr. Baker, as he came aft to take a look at the compass.

"I should say we had, sir," replied the officer, looking inquiringly at the Captain while the lightning flashes lifted the pall of darkness.

"Did the pirates jump overboard?" inquired the Captain in the same measured tone.

"Yes, sir, following each other like a flock of sheep going through a break in a stone wall," replied Mr. Baker, much astonished at the questions.

"What made the cutthroats in such a great hurry to get away from a victory nearly won?"

"They thought they saw a ghost, sir, and if I had not thought it was really Missus I would have followed them," answered the officer in a low tremulous voice.

"Thought it was Missus? Who else could it have been?" inquired the Captain absently, as if his thoughts were far away.

"Don't know, sir. It saved the ship, whatever it was, and for one I'm satisfied without any further investigation. Queer things happen this voyage, sir, but we're still afloat."

"What reason have you to believe that it was not my wife?" inquired the Captain.

"Come down to leeward, sir," said Mr. Baker; then in a low, solemn tone, and pointing to the man at the wheel, he continued, "I don't want any of the men to hear, but when that second flash came I saw Missus standing right above me on the break of the quarter just like a statue. Her hair was blowing out in the light air, and knowing how such tea parties usually affect her, after they are all over, I ran up the steps, and as she did not move I was afraid she was going off in one of her spells. I just went to take her

in my arms to carry her below, and Great Neptune! There was nothing there. My hair stood on ends, and the chills ran over me like the shagus fever, and I haven't got through shaking yet. I had rather have that fight over again, and take the same chances than another experience of that kind. I would fight the devil, sir, if he came at me shipshape, but it makes one creepy to tackle a Flying Dutchman sort of a craft."

"She must have gotten away in the darkness and reached the cabin unobserved, for she is now quietly sleeping in her berth."

"Impossible, Captain; the forward cabin doors were locked, and she could not have passed the light from the binical without me seeing her," said Mr. Baker in a very decided manner.

"Do you think any of the men noticed the mysterious disappearance of what all hands thought was my wife?" inquired the Captain, thoroughly aroused at the prospect of more trouble.

"Yes, sir, several of the men must have seen the same thing."

"How are the poor fellows getting along?" inquired the Captain, anxious to change the subject.

"Very well indeed, sir. Every man is scratched more or less, some pretty bad, but none are dangerously hurt. Those devils had nothing but knives, and poor ones at that, but like a pack of wolves they

would soon have made an end of us if it had not been for the friendly ghost which the pirates hadn't reckoned on. How do you explain it, Captain?"

"It cannot be explained. I know no more about it than you, and my wife cannot tell you any more. She is a remarkable woman, with a mysterious organization. I have not only read of such cases, but am naturally interested in them, and long ago came to the conclusion that if I could not understand some things it was no proof they were not true. Our knowledge is limited and every new thing is a mystery. Let us look at this from a philosophical standpoint. Take this voyage; my wife had a remarkable presentiment of what was to happen, call it intuition, coincidence, it don't matter; the fact is it did happen. This was the first conflict of the soul, we will call it, with the body. After the encounter with the convicts she went off into what we called a swoon, which lasted for hours, and she was totally unconscious. This was another psychological conflict, in which the soul did not win, but left the body in a weakened condition, and less able to resist the next attack which occurred at the loss of little Harry. This time the mystic chord was nearly severed. Again, she visited the ship on the night of the typhoon, while her friends in Chefoo thought she was peacefully sleeping. This time there was no severe struggle and no bad results. Tonight she appeared on deck while

her body was apparently asleep in the cabin, and she probably will not awake till morning. You have known her for years, and have seen her under the most trying circumstances, but you have never seen her show any fear or apprehension of danger before this voyage. Up to that time she displayed great physical courage, but when this psychical entity that men call the soul began to dominate, then came presentiments, which produced fear in an already weakened physical organization. But when the psychical power obtained full control of the physical, all fear vanished; for the soul is fearless, and the body no longer suffers. These incidents which you have witnessed, and many others that you know nothing about, are to me the unfolding process in the development of a higher organization of which the world knows but little, but is slowly awakening under its mysterious influence."

Mr. Baker listened very attentively until the Captain had finished, then asked, "Don't you think, sir, that the soul is a separate thing from the body, and that it lives forever, as the preachers say?"

"Man is dual," replied the Captain, "physical and psychical. All agree on the physical man, but there is a variety of opinions as to the psychical. It will be no easy matter to overcome the accumulated errors of centuries, but truth will prevail, and the race will rise to a higher plane. This is the

law that advanced thinkers are forced to recognize."

"How is it possible for Missus to sleep after she knows what has happened?" inquired Mr. Baker.

"There is no fear or anxiety in the psychical entity; and separated from the psychical, the body is inert matter. When this soul essence again forms a harmonious connection with the physical, causing no derangement, the body sleeps on as if nothing had happened, but when the rational faculties are naturally aroused, on awakening, the whole scene, as witnessed by the soul, is vividly portrayed through the medium of the body."

"I suppose that is all right, sir," said Mr. Baker, "but if you think I can understand such highferluten talk as that, you must have forgotten that I am not fresh from school, and you won't be so fresh when you have been on the briny for nearly fifty years. I don't know whether that talk answered my question, or whether you were rehearsing a sermon to preach in the next missionary station."

"Well," replied the Captain, smiling, "what I tried to make you understand was this: no matter what the soul may be, the body seems an absolute necessity for its utility; no matter how much information it may acquire in its wanderings through space, it must report through the physical organization."

"Is that all?" said Mr. Baker, and he left the

deck for his four hours' watch below, saying to himself, "The Captain talks like a preacher, and with just about as much sense."

The Captain walked the deck all night, occasionally going below to see if his wife was all right. The morning broke fine, with a stiff northeast monsoon. This time it had come to stay, and there was no fear of the southwester disputing its sway. The mist of the morning was driving away while the Captain, in a listless, meditative mood, was watching the clouds in the east continuously changing their color through all the shades from gray to red, as the sun rose out of the water. Thinking it about time for his wife to awake, he turned to go below, when to his great surprise she was standing beside him, and before he could recover himself she clutched his arm.

"O, Frank! It was just awful! How are the men getting along?" she inquired, anxiously looking into her husband's face.

"They are all doing well," said the Captain, regarding her with reverential gratitude, and adding, "but we would have been under the briny before this time if it had not been for your timely and mysterious appearance. Can you tell me anything about it, or do you prefer not to talk?"

"I want to tell you all I know about it. It is so strange, and is as much of a mystery to me as it is to you; but we had better go below," she replied, with a

questioning look at the man at the wheel. As they entered the cabin from the after companion way, the steward came in through the forward entrance with the coffee. His bandaged head and ghostly face showed that he had suffered from the fight. Forgetting all ceremony, and even ship's discipline, he grasped the hand of the Captain's wife and reverently kissed it, and without a word left the cabin.

"The steward thinks it was really you he saw on deck," said the Captain, "and I hope they all think so. But the coffee is getting cold."

"It is all very strange to me," she began, placing her empty cup on the tray. "That fear which has haunted me so long has gradually disappeared, and when we ran into that calm off the island I was no more concerned about it than if we were off Cape Cod. I retired as usual and was soon asleep. I was awakened by the yelling and scuffling on deck. I felt perfectly well, and tried to get up and go on deck, but I could not move a muscle. This did not seem strange, and I did not feel alarmed, but I wondered if you were killed. Instantly I was on deck. I saw you and Mr. Baker and the rest of the men, and watched the fight without the least fear. I felt certain the savages would not take the ship, but did not know what could happen to prevent them from accomplishing their purpose. There were so many against you, the decks were full of them, and others coming in over

the bows, while all around the ship were canoes filled with men. I simply knew they would not take the ship, and had no desire to reason it out. When the flash of lightning came the savages saw me, but none of our men did, for they were back toward me. I saw the consternation of the natives, and when they rushed to the rail in terror, I then realized how the ship was to be saved. With the second flash you and the whole crew saw me; then I wanted to get away, but could not move. Mr. Baker rushed toward me and just as he went to take hold of me, I was back in bed, still unable to move. I knew when you came into the stateroom, but I had no desire to speak. I felt perfectly at ease and was soon asleep, and did not awake till daylight." After a moment's silence she continued: "Let those who can explain it do so; as far as I am concerned I have not the slightest curiosity. It is a great mystery and I cannot solve it."

"You said, my dear, that there were canoes around the ship in great number. How could you tell when it was so dark we could not see the length of the ship?"

"To me," she replied, "it was not dark, and I could see everything as clearly as in the daytime, even the island with its green slopes. But why were you so pleased with the steward's show of gratitude for his life?"

"Why, my dear, it just proved to me that the steward fully believes that he saw your real self on deck last night, and did not see you vanish away as Mr. Baker was about to take you below."

The Captain talked with all the men that were able to be on duty, then visited those who were confined in the forecastle, and praised them for their bravery. When he told them that Missus would visit them after breakfast, their faces lighted up, while tears of which they were not ashamed filled their eyes.

"I guess you are mistaken this time, Mr. Baker," said the Captain, as he joined the old officer on the quarter-deck after visiting the men. "It is no uncommon thing to them for 'Missus' to come to the rescue just at the right time. Of course this case is a little out of the ordinary, but I guess they are satisfied it was her all right."

"Hope so, sir," replied Mr. Baker, "but they haven't got settled down to spinning yarns and swapping opinions yet. Just wait for the dogwatch carnival of horrors."

As the officer did not seem inclined to talk, the Captain asked, "What do you think of this affair, Mr. Baker?"

"I think that men will be at a premium on that island for some time to come. Don't believe Missus knows about running those heathen canoes down.

She is awfully opposed to taking life when you don't have to, but," with a gleam in his eyes, "didn't we spill 'em? There won't be any more ships attacked off that island till another generation grows up, and by that time they may be civilized."

"I regret very much," said the Captain, "that I so far forgot myself as to wantonly destroy life without any necessity for it, but" reflectively, "it proves that human nature is alike whether civilized or savage, but that was not my question. What do you think of the psychical feature of the case?"

"I have forgotten what that word means, Captain," said the officer, twisting his mouth as if trying to pronounce it, "but if you want to know what I think about Missus being on deck and below at the same time, all I have got to say is I don't think and I don't want to think; and from what I can find out it don't do any good to think. You don't know any more about it after you do think, and I shall not rack my brains at my age of life over a problem that all the wise men of the earth that have nothing else to do, can't think out." Then as a clincher, squaring himself before the Captain, "So long as Missus takes her coffee and eats her rations I shall believe that she belongs to this world, for ship's grub is no angel's food."

The Captain seemed to think that there was good sound logic in the officer's argument, and did not

ask him any more questions. Strong winds and fine weather continued until the ship took a pilot off the port and a few hours later swung at her anchor in the beautiful land-locked harbor of Surabaya, with a passage that furnished material enough for never-ending, hair-lifting, dogwatch yarns for generations to come. But they were of such a startling nature that it will tax the ingenuity of some yarn spinner yet unborn, to exaggerate the facts, for no language can express the horrors of that night; no time can efface it from the memory of those who participated in it.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEAKY SHIP

THE Captain and his wife took quarters on shore, in the great commercial center of the Dutch East Indian possessions. Although the climate was extremely hot, yet by following the customs of the old Dutch settlers they were very comfortable, even on this tropical island, and passed a very pleasant month while the cargo was being discharged and another taken on board.

The Captain greatly desired to load direct for some port in the United States, but in this he was keenly disappointed, and was obliged to accept a cargo of sugar, and call at Falmouth or Cork for orders.

This would cause another delay, but there was no alternative, and he made the best of it. His wife, when told of their destination, only sighed and said, "We can't help it," and never mentioned the subject again.

The Captain visited the ship each day, frequently accompanied by his wife, usually driving down the well-shaded road along the river bank, in the cool of the morning, to the white sandy beach of the har-

bor, returning to town for the night by the ship's boat, up the river to the steps of the hotel. He anxiously watched the moods of the men, and noticed from time to time that they did not appear jovial and light-hearted. There was no sparkle in their eyes, no song with their work. With shore liberty and plenty of money they were not happy. While performing their duty in a listless way they had lost all interest in the ship, and were growing moody and more discontented each day. He knew it was not the fight with the pirates that had wrought such a change in the fearless crew that had sailed with him for many years. That might not happen again in a lifetime, and the horrors of such affairs are quickly forgotten by those who lead such perilous lives. But these brave men who would not flinch at a deck load of howling savages, or show any fear of the elements in their wildest mood, would turn pale with superstitious horror if a Mother Carey's chicken should fall dead on deck. As the ship was nearly ready for sea, the Captain was anxious to ascertain whether his men were intending to stay by the ship, or desert it at the last moment; and knowing that Mr. Baker would not, owing to his strict sense of ship discipline, venture an opinion until it was asked for, he called the old officer into the cabin and asked him what he thought of the situation. To the Captain's question, "What is the matter with the men?" he replied,

"Captain, every mother's son of them will be bunking in the hills inside of twenty-four hours," hesitating, "excepting the steward and cook, and if I am not clear out of my reckoning, there will be no one but the officers to wash deck in the morning."

"Why don't they come aft like men and say so before we are all ready for sea?" said the Captain, wearily dropping into a chair with a discouraged look, as if the last straw was too much for him.

"They are ashamed to, Captain; they don't want to leave the ship, and they have tried hard to stay. They feel mean in deserting a shipmate in trouble, and they all wanted to go with you after Harry. They don't care for danger or hardships and had rather have a fight than a week's liberty with plenty of money, but they are thoroughly convinced that this ship is haunted, and that it was a ghost and not Missus they saw on deck the night of the fight with the pirates."

"Call the men aft," said the Captain, rising and going on deck, "this matter must be settled at once. Every day is a year to me—and my boy with the cannibals."

"Well, my noble fellows," said the Captain as the sailors stood before him with their hats off and downcast eyes, "I understand you are all going to leave the ship."

No one spoke. The poor fellows were facing an

awkward problem. Loyalty to the Captain and a dread of a supernatural power, which makes all men cowards, were striving for the mastery. They looked at each other, then far away over the harbor, and back again to the deck, hitched up their trousers, but were unable to meet the sorrowful glance of their Captain.

"Hold up your heads, men," said the Captain quietly, "you have nothing to be ashamed of. You are brave, noble fellows, every one of you. Choose some one to speak for you, and let us settle this question in a shipshape manner."

Thus encouraged they held up their heads and with one voice named old Tom as their spokesman, who, with a hint from Jack to stow that "Man an' boy" prelude, said: "We thanks you, Captain, for the compliment, an' we believes you means it, an' we don't want to leave er shipmate in trouble, but we can't sail in er ha'nted ship. Nothin' but bad can come out of it. If I owned this ship, sir, I'd set her erfire; nothin' but fire will rid er ship of ghosts. I have seen lots of ha'nted ships, sir," excitedly, "an' they all meet the same fate."

Then the old sailor became eloquent and related half a dozen ghost stories, all ending in total destruction of the ship with all on board; ships going down without any cause, waves raging, winds howling, despairing cries of the drowning men, with the ghosts floating above, uttering demoniac yells and

derisive laughter. Tom stopped, horrified with his own recital, while the sailors wiped, with trembling hands, the cold perspiration from their pale and haggard faces. The Captain listened respectfully till the sailor had finished, but seeing how firmly rooted in the minds of the superstitious sailors was the fear of a haunted ship, and knowing it would be useless to reason with them, said, "Well, men, you have served me faithfully and devotedly. I will see what I can do for you. There is a ship in port bound for Manila to load for Boston, whose crew would like to take ship direct to England, as they have been out on a long cruise. I will see if I can't make an exchange of men; but tell me what makes you think this ship is haunted?"

The men were much affected by the Captain's generous offer, and for a moment hesitated, as if undecided whether to accept the change or stay by the ship; but their fears of a haunted ship, intensified by Tom's hair-lifting yarns, soon gained the mastery again.

"We all thinks at first," said Tom, "that it was Missus we seen on deck, yet some of us thinks she kinder faded out like instead of just walkin' away like a human bein'; but we could have got over that all right enough. The night was dark, an' we was all excited, an' none of us could swear which way it was, but when we finds out, for sure, Missus was

in the cabin the whole time, we knows she couldn't be on deck at the same time, an' Captain, how could Missus be on deck an' in the cabin both at the same time an' not dead?" As the Captain did not reply, Tom continued, "An' when we comes to think on it, why it didn't look like Missus at all, but just like the ghost of the Flyin' send that my chum Joe Backstay ust 'er tell erbout."

"But this must have been a friendly ghost, for it saved the ship and all on board," said the Captain.

"Just the way the ghost of the Northern light served her crew, Captain. Saved the ship from pirates, then sunk her in a dead calm. The men took to the boats, an' the ghost just got under the boats an' turned them keel up, first one then another, an' not a man was left to tell the tale. I have heard the yarn many a time. We feels sorry for you an' Missus an' little Harry," said the old sailor sympathetically, wiping his eyes, while the rest of the sailors turned their heads away to hide their emotions.

"Tom," said the Captain with a twinkle in his eye, "who was left to start that ghost story of the Northern light?"

"Why, sir," replied Tom, "my chum Jack — Bill ——" but Tom hesitated and was lost. Realizing he had overdone the ghost business, he, with Jack's reprov-

ing glance, broke down completely and all hands left the quarter-deck.

"How did those fellows find out that my wife was not on deck that night?" inquired the Captain, watching the men as they turned to again.

"Bill told them, sir," replied the officer.

"How did Bill know anything about it?"

"Why, you see, Captain, Bill is sweet on Missus' maid, and she told him."

Bill was a bright young sailor, and, as the officer had said, an attachment had grown up between the young couple. The Captain had never thought it necessary to caution Mary to keep quiet about that night's affair, thinking she was so frightened that she did not know much about it. The Captain related to his wife the situation on board ship, and the part Mary had acted in the complication.

"I never knew of her telling anything before," said his wife quietly, "I will call her and hear what she has to say."

The poor girl was greatly distressed when she, for the first time, realized that she had caused so much trouble, and clung hysterically to her Mistress, repeating, "O! I did not mean to do anything wrong," unable to go any further. But under the soothing and gentle influence of her Mistress she was soon able to tell how it happened that she had so far forgotten herself as to carry a word from the cabin to

the forecastle. "That night," she said, holding the hand of her Mistress, "all through the fighting I was sitting by Mistress' bed. I could not wake her up and I was so frightened I thought I would go crazy. When I heard the Captain coming down the companion way I thought he was the savages. My brain was on fire, and I started for my room, but I thought of Mistress all alone, and I could not leave her; so I rushed back to the foot of the bed just as the Captain opened the door. I thought sure he was a pirate coming to kill me. I ran out and on deck; then I did not know anything more till I found myself in bed, and I did not know how I got there till Bill told me. A long time after that awful night Billie was telling me about that fight, and how the pirates were driving them aft, when Mistress came on deck and frightened the natives so that they jumped overboard. I was so surprised that before I thought I said, 'Why, Mistress was asleep in the cabin.' At that I thought Billie would faint. He turned as white as a ghost; then I saw my mistake. O! I am so sorry!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and looking imploringly at her Mistress.

"My poor child," said the Captain's wife, "You were not to blame; you have seen trouble enough on this voyage to make any one crazy. Don't worry any more about it."

"No, Mary, you are not to blame," said the Cap-

tain, consoliugly. "You are a brave good girl, and show more good sense than any man on board, and if Bill leaves the ship, ghosts or no ghosts, I would not waste any affections on him."

The exchange of crews was made, but before the men left, Bill came aft alone, and asked to see "the old man."

"Well, Bill," said the Captain smiling, "going to leave Mary and pull for another ship?"

"No, sir," said Bill, blushing, "not if you will let me stay with you. I have been the cause of all this trouble, but I did not mean any harm, sir, and never thought it would go so far. But it does make a fellow kind of creepy like to hear all those ghost stories. Do you believe in ghosts, sir?"

"No, Bill, I don't believe in ghosts, and have never seen any proof that there is anything to appear after a person is dead. I am glad to have you stay, but you must get above the old superstition of sailors. We are not living in the dark ages, nor in the time when good men and women were burned as witches in your native state. No one believes in witches now, and it won't be long that any one will believe in ghosts."

The ship left port, and the next morning dropped anchor off the small town of Bangawange, where ships stop for their supply of fresh provision when going around the east end of Java and through the

Strait. A boat was sent ashore in charge of Mr. Jones, the second officer, while the Captain left the ship in his gig. After making his purchases the Captain returned to the ship, leaving Mr. Jones to load the provisions, and follow as soon as possible. After waiting for a time Mr. Baker was sent ashore to ascertain the trouble, and he soon returned and reported that he found the boat loaded and the men waiting for their officer.

"What has become of Mr. Jones?" inquired the Captain in great surprise.

"Slipped his cable and squared away for the mountains," replied Mr. Baker knowingly.

"Well, what next?" said the Captain, expressing his thoughts and not addressing any one, surprised that an officer would serve him in such a manner.

"Get under way before we lose the rest of them," said the officer, as if the Captain had really asked his advice.

"And leave Mr. Jones?"

"You'll never see him again," said Mr. Baker, "unless he appears as a ghost to even up on other sailors the fright he has experienced by those who have gone before. I was surprised he did not leave when the rest did, but he knew he would stop here and this was his last chance."

"Mr. Baker," said the Captain in a measured

manner, "Why—don't—you—leave? Are you not afraid of ghosts?"

"Just as much as the rest of them, sir. I have seen ghosts, and heard ghost stories on every ship I've sailed in, but this is the first set that I really felt acquainted with, and I will stay with them as long as they will stand by me."

"Take in the boats and get under way," said the Captain, amused at the logical way Mr. Baker explained his position regarding ghosts, "and we will soon be where you can't get away if the ghosts should snub you for too much familiarity, fearing a loss of prestige."

The ship was soon under way, and inside of twenty-four hours was south of the island, running down the southeast trade. Bill was promoted to second mate and took up his quarters in the officers' cabin, to the great delight of Mary who told him that having now become an officer he must rid himself of the forecastle superstition.

The new crew performed their duties well, and appeared satisfied with the change. They were English sailors homeward bound from a long voyage; and as they found plenty to eat and no extra work, they had no excuse for grumbling. But this condition was to be of short duration. It is a trite saying, "Misfortune never comes single." It was not necessary for anything more, in this case, to prove the old saw true, but more

was to come. There was no danger of pirates or cannibals, but what was to happen next? The ship sprang a leak, small at first, but gradually increasing from day to day, until the pumps were kept going all the time. All hands at work during the day, with watch and watch at night, could but keep the ship free. The men growled and swore, but nothing could be gained by insubordination or mutiny. Growl they might, but work they must. It was pump or sink, and they pumped.

"How do you suppose she started that leak, Captain," inquired Mr. Baker, while they stood watching the jaded men at the pumps.

"In the typhoon," replied the Captain. "I ought to have docked her in Amoy, but she was tight as a jug and, anxious to save time, I took chances, and this extra work and further expense are the natural results, which is no credit to my judgment or seamanship."

"It is just our luck this voyage to have all the trouble possible for a ship to pass through," said Mr. Baker resentfully.

"Luck," repeated the Captain derisively, "has nothing to do with our troubles. This leak is simply the result of neglected duty and there is no excuse. A ship subjected to such a severe trial should have been docked and thoroughly overhauled. The leverage of those masts on the ship when she righted was enough to split her wide open."

"I guess that's about right, sir, but what are we going to do? The men are worn out with this constant pumping."

"They can stand it for a week longer; we will be in Cape Town by that time, if we don't get a blow on the banks."

"Bound to get it, Captain; never passed Cape Good Hope without a flurry. The fellow who named that cape was no sailor or he named it going out, and came back the other way around Cape Horn."

"He might have named it after he had beat around the banks for a month and had good hopes of getting home," said the Captain, anxious to save the reputation of the ancient mariner.

Stormy weather set in as the ship drew near the cape, which was rounded in a stiff gale. The harbor of Cape Town could not be made, and the Captain shaped his course for Saint Helena. It was hard on the crew, but they had no just cause for complaint. On the morning of the eighth day after passing the cape, the rocky isle of Saint Helena was sighted, and by noon the ship was at anchor off Jamestown, the port of the island. A gang of men was sent on board to relieve those who had, as they expressed it, "pumped the Pacific Ocean through the ship."

CHAPTER XIV.

PUMP OR DROWN

SAINTE HELENA, historically associated with the great Napoleon, is situated in the very center of the southeast trade winds. This little rock island which appears on the map as nothing more than a dot, is the happy home of seven thousand people who enjoy the finest climate in the world. Saint Helena has no land-locked harbor, but ships ride safely in the roadstead on the lee side of the island, off the valley in which the beautiful town, climbing up its sides, is located. All communications with the shore are carried on by boats, and ships load and unload by the use of lighters. While the chief revenue of the island is derived from ships in distress, it has no facilities for taking ships out of water. Therefore the only thing Captain Willis could do was to discharge the cargo of his ship with the hope of finding the leak between the light and loaded water lines.

The Captain and his wife made the best of their enforced stay, and visited every point of interest on the island. Longwood, the home of Napoleon, and where he died, and his tomb, guarded by a solitary

French soldier, were objects of special interest. The old house and the tomb of the great Emperor, with a certain amount of land, had been transferred to France, producing the rather singular anomaly of French territory in the middle of an English colony.

The cargo was discharged and everything that human ingenuity could contrive was used to locate the leak. The ship was listed until her yardarms touched the water, placing her in such a critical condition that any little mishap at any moment might turn her completely over, yet no indication of the leak could be found. The Captain was in despair. In addition to his loss of time and money, his resourcefulness was taxed to the utmost to solve the most difficult problem of an already eventful voyage. He had managed to keep the ship afloat all the way from Java to Saint Helena, and would have, no doubt, carried her safely into port, but at the expense of a broken-down crew and a fine, if not imprisonment, for cruelty. Now he was in the hands of the custom's authority, who would not permit the ship to leave port unless pronounced seaworthy by the Board of Marine Survey. The ship must be condemned and sold to the highest bidder, and the cargo shipped to its port of destination, if some plan could not be devised to reload the ship and outwit that august body, Her Majesty's Board of Marine Survey.

To condemn the ship meant not only delay, but

bankruptcy to the Captain, for most of his capital was invested in the ship, and without that money it would be impossible to fit out the expedition for the rescue of his boy. He could not entertain such a thought for a moment. He would take that sugar aboard and leave the island.

"It must be done, Mr. Baker, and there is no alternative," said the Captain, as he rose to go on deck, after a long consultation with his chief officer.

"You can depend on me, sir, as you always have," said Mr. Baker, who did not fully agree with the Captain's plan, "but how can we load a leaky ship, and then pass inspection in a port where every man is determined to pick the bones of every lame duck that drifts his way?"

"I don't know how we shall fix the inspectors; we have not got to that yet," replied the Captain, with his gaze fixed on the skeletons of the unfortunate ships that lined the beach. "But we have found the leak. No matter what others may think or say, this ship don't make water enough to keep her sweet. We will begin to load today. Dunnage high, say two feet. Don't so much as look at the pumps during the day. I will send off a strong gang of men and pump her dry during the night."

"That sounds all right, sir," said Mr. Baker, still skeptical, "but the men that pump will leak, and no sailor will leave this island in a leaky ship, and they

know we have not found any leak. They'll take their extra pay."

"We will keep the gang on board pumping at night, and out of sight during the day," said the Captain, with determination. "Their pay will depend upon their silence, and I shall promise them such a sum of money for their services that they will not dare to sleep for fear of revealing the secret in their dreams. As for the sailors, I will keep them ashore with plenty of money. Of course they will know what's up, and will work the old man for all he's worth, but they won't blow till the last minute, then it will be too late."

"By the Great Neptune, Captain!" exclaimed Mr. Baker, "I believe she'll fetch in on that tack. Send off the sugar, and we'll soon have the old ship plowing through the briny and pumping the Atlantic Ocean through her bottom."

The Captain went on shore and explained the situation to his wife, and told her of his plans for getting away from the island; but as she made no comments, he inquired, "Why don't you say something?"

"My dear," she said, smiling, "I don't know what to say. All that I know is that we shall get out of this difficulty as we have all others, and we shall find Harry. How long it will take, and what will happen in the meantime, I don't know nor worry about."

The next day the Captain was receiving congratulations from his friends on finding the leak. He gave a ball at the club and set 'em up for every man on the island, exhausted the stock of the cigar dealers, and saloons closed their doors until the next invoice from London. All subsequent events on that island date from the "Finding of the leak." Every man that could work and every lighter that would float was pressed into service, while the ships in the roads furnished men and boats to hasten the departure of the unfortunate ship.

"How does she work?" inquired the Captain, as he came on board and found the ship half loaded.

"Like a spirit compass, sir,"* replied the officer, as much pleased as the Captain with the success of the plot.

"How long did it take to pump her out?" inquired the Captain in a low voice.

"Eight hours, sir," replied the officer.

"She will leak more with the increasing pressure as she goes down in the water," was the Captain's comforting reply.

In a few days the ship was ready for her final inspection, and no unfavorable report had been circu-

*The incidents of this story happened about the time the spirit compass replaced the old-time card compass, and was so far superior to the discarded one that every sailor swore by it. The expression "Like a spirit compass" meant perfection.

lated. The crew was having a great time at the Captain's expense, and envied by every sailor in port.

"The inspectors will be off in the morning, and I may come with them. It may be possible that I shall not be able to get away much before noon," said the Captain, with a meaning glance at Mr. Baker, as he was about to leave the ship for the night. "You are sure she is not leaking a drop?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Baker, with a satisfied expression, "I'll fix it so the rod won't show but six inches;" then aside in a low voice, "when she is pumped out the rod will show six inches of water. The first hour she makes four inches, second hour two, after that one inch an hour."

The Captain found it convenient to go off with the inspectors, in the Custom's boat, about noon. The sailors were ashore and the shore gang asleep in the forecabin, after their hard night work at the pumps. Lighters and boats were alongside and sugar going down three hatches.

The government officers were received on board by Mr. Baker with all the ceremony the occasion required. They congratulated the Captain on his good luck in getting away with his ship. The chief inspector took the name and tonnage of the ship, number of men and officers, and all other particulars to fill in the blanks of his official register, then gravely measured the sounding rod, and solemnly sounded

the pumps. "Six inches," he called, and it was so recorded in the book, together with the time of day. Then the pumps were sealed, to stand for an hour.

Mr. Baker had slipped a ten-inch plug down the sounding tube as the boat came alongside. At the end of an hour there would be one inch more of water, and Mr. Baker had the inch plug all ready to drop down the tube at the first opportunity. The Captain's part was to get the inspectors below without creating suspicion. He was relating, very earnestly, his fight with the natives, and the government officers were deeply interested.

"Have you any of those knives, Captain?" inquired the chief inspector.

"Yes," replied the Captain, "bushels of them."

"I have quite a collection of native weapons, and would like one of those knives," said the inspector, with all the enthusiasm of a collector of curios.

"Just step into the cabin and take your pick," said the Captain, leading the way.

Before the heads of the curio seekers were below the deck Mr. Baker had the inch plug down the pipe, and all was safe. When the hour was up the pump well was again sounded, and the rod showed six inches. The ship had made no water during the hour, the record was duly made, and a certificate, signed and sealed, was given to the Captain.

"Now the fun begins," said the Captain as he watched the Custom's boat pulling in shore.

"Well, let her come," said Mr. Baker, striking up a sailor's hornpipe, to the great amusement of the Captain; while all hands looked on, wondering what was the matter with the mate. "I guess we can take care of the rest, sir, but the quicker we get away the better," he said as he finished his dance.

"The men will be off tonight," said the Captain. "Get under way at once, and keep her a moving well out from the shipping. Don't pump a stroke when near any ship or the island. Keep a good offing till I signal for you to come in."

"All right, sir," responded the officer, with a twinkle in his eye. "Didn't Her Majesty's officers say she didn't leak?"

The Captain passed a very anxious night and did not attempt to sleep till after daylight, when he found out that his ship had left her anchorage and was just in sight, a mere speck far away on the horizon. Toward evening she stood in again and laid, with her topsails aback, for a short time, but receiving no signal, stood off again for the night.

The next morning she was close in again and the Captain, having finished his business, signaled to the ship, and in a short time was alongside. The crew came aft in a body and demanded to see the consul. The Captain paid no attention to them till the boat

with the extra men had left the ship; then turning to the men he said, "I regret very much that I am obliged to refuse you the privilege of seeing the consul, but this ship has cleared the port, and I am not under any obligations to grant your request."

"This ship is leaking, sir," said one of the sailors, "and we protest against leaving port in a ship not seaworthy, and you lay yourself liable to the law, sir."

The Captain appeared surprised and turning to Mr. Baker asked, "Is this ship leaking again?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Baker, "sprang a leak last night as bad as ever;" then as if unable to comprehend it, "strange she started out again. The Old Lady's officers said she was all right, tight, stanch, well officered and manned, fit to proceed on her voyage."

"She's been leaking all the time," broke in the sailor. "She never did stop leaking," came from the enraged sailors in a chorus.

"I have a certificate from Her Majesty's Board of Marine Survey that this ship is seaworthy in every respect, and permitted to leave port. A good and desirable risk for underwriters," reading from the certificate, "and here is the royal seal," holding it up in full view of the men. "You can't deny that authority."

"This is an outrage, sir," said the sailor who had

done most of the talking, "some Yankee trick, and we refuse to turn to."

"If that certificate states she don't leak, she don't, and what's the use to talk about it?" said Mr. Baker, glancing at the parchment the Captain held in his hand.

"Square the yards!" ordered the Captain.

"Stand by the port braces!" called Mr. Baker.

Not a man moved, but stood looking at their leader.

"We won't pump a stroke," said the sailor.

"Then you may drown," replied the Captain. Then, with the officers, he squared the yards and got the ship on her course, with Bill at the wheel, while the men went forward and sulked.

"How did you manage to get her under way, Mr. Baker, with this mutinous crew?" inquired the Captain.

"O! We had a tea party that night, with the old ladies left out. The men were tight if the ship wasn't, and they refused to turn to, so I pressed into service the shore gang. The sailors interfered with my duty and we had a fight, but in less than no time we had every man in irons. Those shore fellows were A 1 and copper fastened. With them I got the ship under way, and they have worked the ship and pumped her ever since. I never took the sailors out of irons till you was nearly alongside."

"Did they make any noise?" anxiously inquired the Captain.

"Not enough to attract any attention from the ships. One of the lime juicers yelled 'sinking ship' just as we dropped past the New Bedford whaler, but he didn't say no more, and he can't say Peper Piper now," replied Mr. Baker significantly.

"Well, you are a good one, Mr. Baker," said the Captain appreciatingly, "and if I didn't really need you on my cruise after Harry I would give you this ship. She will have another captain after this voyage."

"Thank you, Captain, but I would not miss that cruise for the finest ship afloat. I'll never leave you and Missus till you are out of your troubles," said the officer, walking away to hide his emotion.

The ship, under pressure of the stiff southeast trades, was leaving a foaming wake behind her, while the island was fading away in the distance.

"Sound the pumps!" ordered the Captain; then ironically, "and report to the men every hour. They may want to make some preparations for death."

"Eighteen inches," came from the boatswain.

"How much dunnage did you place under the sugar?" inquired the Captain.

"Thirty inches, sir, next to the keelson beaft the mainmast down to fifteen forward," replied Mr. Baker.

"Well dunnaged," said the Captain. "They will turn to before the water reaches the sugar."

"They would like to pump now, sir," said Mr. Baker, "but for their John Bull stubbornness, which they will have to wear out."

"It is hard on them," said the Captain with a sigh, "but this is a desperate case and there is no help for it. I will reward them well if they will make the best of a hard job. This ship will go into port or be presented to old Neptune for a sugar bowl to sweeten up the Atlantic."

"Why should a man be rewarded, sir, for doing his duty? Didn't they agree to defend the ship with their lives when they signed the articles?" said Mr. Baker, looking triumphantly at the crowd of sailors who were already showing indications of uneasiness.

"You are not so severe as your talk indicates," said the Captain. "All sailors have a right to a ship that is seaworthy."

"Don't we hold a government certificate to that effect? What more can a sailor demand?" said Mr. Baker, chuckling, as he thought how easily he had deceived the customhouse inspectors.

The Captain, realizing how much an old sailor really enjoys getting the best of a customhouse officer, even at the peril of his life, did not argue the point farther.

"Twen-tee four inches," called the boatswain, and

there was apparent uneasiness among the group of sulky sailors lounging about on the forecastle. They arose, walked around, tightened up their belts, took an extra chew of tobacco, and looked to windward, then overboard, with occasional glances aft, where the Captain was walking the quarter-deck, frequently stopping for a chat with his wife, apparently as unconcerned as if there was no water in the hold and no prospects of sinking before morning.

The large quantity of water already in the ship was producing an effect that could be noticed by every man on board. She had settled in the water and rolled with a lazy motion that greatly alarmed the sailors, forcing them to accept the inevitable situation and make the best of it. The land had disappeared below the horizon hours before; nothing but water all around, and water in the ship. After a hurried consultation among the sailors, one of their number went aft, and politely addressing the Captain said, with great embarrassment, "We've concluded to pump the ship, sir."

"You-have-concluded-to-pump-the-ship," contemptuously replied the Captain, "and I have concluded to let her sink. I will shoot the first man who dares to touch a pump brake. Go forward and die like a man; no yelling when you get in the water, and no whining." Then to Mr. Baker, "Throw those pump brakes overboard. Yes, draw the boxes and

chuck them over too, least I yield to these fellows who would like to drown if it was not for getting wet."

This so astonished the sailor that he could not say a word, but went forward and reported that "the blarsted old gray-headed pirate was going to let her sink." This produced just the effect the Captain desired. There was great consternation among the sailors. They did not expect a refusal to their generous offer, and were not prepared for this turn of affairs. They had never sailed with a desperate Yankee skipper before, and hardly knew what to do, but finally went aft in a body to learn their fate.

"Well, men," inquired the Captain severely, "what can I do for you?"

"We are ready to turn to, sir, and we wants to pump the ship."

"You shall not pump a stroke," said the Captain in a slow, measured tone. "I have had troubles enough this voyage and I am determined to end them right here and go down with the ship, a most fitting death for an honorable sailor. My only regret is to die in such cowardly company. Go forward, and when the ship sinks, drown like rats. Any set of men who prefer to drown rather than work, don't deserve such an honorable death. Go forward!"

"But Captain," said the speaker excitedly, while the sailors turned pale, "you took advantage of us and have not treated us like men."

"You took my money," said the Captain quietly, "and had a glorious old time on shore at my expense. Your wages were going on while you had nothing to do. Your plan was, after you had worked the 'old man,' to report me to the authorities, who would compel me to abandon the ship and pay you three months' wages that you had not earned, and send you home as passengers. I preferred another way and outwitted you. You refused to save the ship. That is mutiny on the high seas; you know the penalty. Now drown and save the expense of a trial and the hangman's fee."

"But your wife, Captain," said the sailor, as he saw the desperate situation, "you would not drown her for our faults, sir," catching at what he thought was his only hope.

"She has not taken much interest in life for some time," said the Captain, but his voice trembled as he thought of the real sorrow. "If you make as little complaint as my wife, there will be nothing to disturb the peace of our last struggles in the water."

"O! Captain!" cried several of the sailors in chorus, "Let us pump! Let us pump! We will turn to and pump her into port," and they crowded around the Captain, imploring him to let them pump the ship. The Captain's wife took sides with the sailors, and with an imploring look and tone said:

"Do let them pump, Frank. You ought not to

let these men drown without a chance for their lives. There has been enough lives lost this voyage." Mr. Baker, Bill, and all the officers pleaded for the sailors, while they stood speechless, anxiously waiting for the Captain's decision.

The Captain was weakening, apparently, under so much pressure, and said reflectively, as if considering the matter, "Why not end it now? This thing will break out again sooner or later."

"Never!" came a chorus of voices. If we refuse to turn to again, under any circumstances, you may hang us from the yardarm."

"Well, pump then," said the Captain, "and not a man goes below till she is pumped out." Then turning away with a look of disgust, he continued, as if talking to himself, but loud enough for the sailors to hear, "Guess I am losing my nerve. I am too tender-hearted for a captain of a ship. I ought to have been a missionary."

CHAPTER XV.

THE MUTINY

FROM Saint Helena to the equator everything on board worked well. The wind was light and well abaft the beam, and with the ship on an even keel, the water flowed freely to the pumps, and was easily kept down by the sailors. But when the ship was hauled up to cross the northeast trades, with a stiff breeze and heavy sea, she could no longer keep on an even bottom. Braced up sharp on the wind, the extra pressure gave her a deep list to leeward that caused the water to flow away from the pumps and lodge in the bilge, with no chance to pump it out. It continually increased and listed the ship until the water reached the sugar, then sail was reduced, or the ship kept off before the wind, until she was pumped out. Under these unfavorable conditions it was madness to attempt the passage of the stormy Atlantic in the winter season, and the Captain decided to square away for the Bermudas, where there was dry dock facilities for taking ships out of water.

Much to the surprise of the Captain, the sailors did not seem well pleased when they learned the ship was

bound for the Bermudas, although it would appear that they had nothing to lose, and much to gain.

"What is the matter with the men?" inquired the Captain, as he watched the sulky sailors relieve their mates at the pumps.

"They are English, sir," replied Mr. Baker, "and they are bound to growl, no matter how well they are treated. They had made up their minds to pump her over to the Channel, and are mad because they can't do it. Don't know any other reason."

"Give them an hour at meals and let them smoke and spin yarns; it will brighten them up a little," said the Captain.

"All right, sir," said Mr. Baker, "but you'll have a mutiny inside of twenty-four hours if you try to treat those fellows decent."

A few days later, while the Captain was in the chart room working out the position of the ship, Mr. Baker appeared in the doorway fully armed. The Captain looked up, and with a tired expression inquired:

"Well, Mr. Baker, what's up now?"

"The men have refused to turn to, sir," quietly replied Mr. Baker.

"Well, what are you going to do?" inquired the Captain, glancing at the revolver strapped around his fighting officer.

"Going into the forecastle and drag them out, sir," replied the officer.

"You will do nothing of the kind," said the Captain slowly. "What show will you have among twenty mutineers? Load the guns with solid shot and I will show you how to call a mutinous watch. This thing is getting monotonous."

The fore-castle was located under deck, but had a trunk, or house, four feet high and on a level with the rail, with the bunks below deck. The sailors had locked the doors from the inside and refused to come on deck at two bells, when all hands were called, as usual, to turn to.

The guns were loaded and trained on the fore-castle doors, while the men, not knowing what was going on, were in their berths, smoking and trying to keep up their courage.

"Now, Mr. Baker, you may call the watch," said the Captain dryly.

To Mr. Baker's call came the defiant answer:

"Come and take us out, you blarsted Yankee nigger drivers. We're no slaves."

"Aim for the top of the fore-castle and let her go!" ordered the Captain, speaking to Mr. Baker and Bill, who were standing by the guns with lanyard in hand. And they did go, and so did the top of the fore-castle, with the splinters flying in every direction, and the sailors tumbling over each other to get on deck, their eyes bulging and hair standing on end, wondering "what kind of a blarsted Yankee con-

trivance" that was for calling all hands. Before the astonished sailors had recovered from their surprise, the guns were reloaded, and the Captain triumphantly stood waiting further developments.

"Lay aft here, you mutineers!" sternly ordered the Captain, and every man mechanically obeyed.

"Are you ready to turn to?" inquired the Captain.

"Yes, sir," came from the men in chorus.

The slow, monotonous klunk-klunk of the pumps started up, and the trouble was over for the present, but the Captain knew he could no longer rely upon the men, and must depend upon his own vigilance and the loyalty of his officers to take the ship into port. That he was determined to do, despite all obstacles.

"There is the island of Barbadoes," said the Captain to Bill, looking away to the northwest, where a speck appeared on the horizon. "A few more days will end this set of troubles. They are getting rather tiresome."

"How far is that land away, sir?" asked Bill, in a tone that caused the Captain to look inquiringly at him.

"About forty miles, but when abeam it won't be more than twenty-five," replied the Captain, as he walked away and went below.

Not far from midnight Mr. Baker called the Cap-

tain and reported that the sailors were preparing to leave the ship. "They pay no attention to orders, and are unlashng the boats. They are quiet and orderly, but determined."

Mr. Baker was for going in among them, with the officers, and settling the difficulty with a hand to hand fight.

"No," said the Captain, "we will leave that for a last resort. There are five to one of us, and if we should get the best of the fight there would not be men enough left to pump the ship. We might kill some, wound more, and put the rest in irons, and deliver them up to the authorities when we reach port, but that will not pump the ship. Go on deck and take no notice of them; I will be up in a few minutes."

This the Captain knew was a serious difficulty. A few days more would bring them into port, but the men were mutineers and would be turned over to the authorities upon reaching port, and suffer the penalty of their crime, which meant life imprisonment. This being their last chance for defeating justice, they would make one desperate effort to save themselves from the fate that awaited them. The Captain leisurely lit a cigar and quietly walked on deck, made a turn or two of the quarter, then ordered Mr. Baker and Bill to get to the guns, and stand by for orders. The crew paid no attention to

the officers on the quarter-deck, feeling sure they were masters of the situation. The Captain was watching them, but apparently as unconcerned as if there was nothing unusual going on.

"Now we'll go aft and bring the ship to," said the leader of the mutineers, as the boats were all ready to launch.

"All hands lay aft!" came the order from the Captain, in the usual tone and manner of such commands.

To the surprise of Mr. Baker and the other officers every man, without hesitating for an instant, walked aft. They were so accustomed to obeying orders that when they received the command to "lay aft" they forgot for the moment that they were mutineers, and from sheer force of habit they mechanically walked aft, and when they realized the trap they were in, it was too late.

"What is the trouble, men?" inquired the Captain, sarcastically.

"We are going to leave the ship and pull for the land," said one of the sailors defiantly.

"And leave this ship to sink, myself, wife and officers to drown?" said the Captain inquiringly.

"No, sir, we're not so heartless as that. We'll never leave a shipmate to drown, will we mates?" said the sailor, addressing the others; then again to the Captain, "We'll launch a boat for you and the

officers. The weather is fine, and the land not far away."

"Thank you, men, it is certainly very kind of you, but will you tell me what you signed articles for?" inquired the Captain, in a tone that made the sailors uneasy.

"We can't defend our actions in the courts, but we've got charge of the ship and we don't care to be berthed for life and wear the government uniform. It was our first act that has led up to this. We regret it, but quarter-deck speeches won't help matters," said the speaker sorrowfully; then in a respectful tone, "Shall we launch a boat for you, sir?"

"Men," said the Captain, stepping aside and pointing to the guns trained on them, "These guns are loaded with grapeshot. If one of you so much as moves a muscle, that man signs the death warrant for every one."

The men were paralyzed with fear and stood as if glued to the deck, with the moonlight shining full on their terror-stricken faces. After a moment's silence the Captain took the lanyard of the gun from Mr. Baker and ordered him to take the officers and destroy the boats.

The officers made quick work in demolishing the boats, while the men stood like statues in front of the guns. When everything that could float a man had been made useless or thrown overboard, the Captain

dropped the lanyard and said, surveying the baffled sailors, "Now pump or sink," and without another word turned and went below.

"Why, Frank," said the Captain's wife, as her husband came below, "how dare you leave the deck with the crew in a state of mutiny?"

"My dear," replied the Captain in a satisfied manner, "we have not been so completely secure from danger since leaving Saint Helena. There is no more trouble for us this trip. There is no escape only by the ship, and they will rather pump than drown. Hear that?" said the Captain, as the old familiar klunk-klunk of the pumps sounded through the ship and over the waters.

A week later the ship was at anchor in Bermuda, with a gang of men from the shore to pump ship, relieving the sailors, who were for the last time called aft. The Captain after leading the way into the cabin said, pleasantly :

"Men, my troubles would not interest you, any more than perhaps an outward show of sympathy, therefore it is unnecessary to relate them, but it was no ordinary circumstances that compelled me to force you to sea in a leaky ship. If you had stood by me I would have doubled your wages, in fact money would have been no object. I could not admit that the ship was leaking when she left port, for the sailor as well as the Captain is protected by the same law.

"Then you admit, sir, this ship was leaking and not seaworthy, when you left Saint Helena?" said one of the sailors, brightening up.

"Yes," said the Captain, looking steadily at the sailor, "but who will believe the word of a mutineer?"

The sailor dropped his head, and a look of despair supplanted the expression of hope that had illuminated his face when the Captain admitted that his own act might warrant the mutinous conduct of the sailors.

"Listen!" continued the Captain. "You have forfeited all consideration from courts or men, and you know the penalty for mutiny; yet in consideration of the circumstances and my part, which in the eyes of the law was not justifiable, I will not report you. The wages due you will no more than replace the boats that your conduct compelled me to destroy, in order to save the ship with her valuable cargo, and repair the deck house that I was obliged to blow away in order to get you on deck. I will give each one of you a pound, so that you will not land dead broke, but if I find one of you on board in the morning, the same I will turn over to the proper authorities to be dealt with according to law."

"Captain," said one of the sailors, "you got the best of us, an' I don't know's we would have treated you as well if we had weather gauged you, but we feels very grateful to you for letting us off so easy."

We's sorry, Captain, but we can't help it now, an' we must take our rations without growling."

"I guess you would not have gone entirely back on a shipmate if you had come out ahead," said the Captain pleasantly. "You offered to launch a boat for me, which certainly was very kind. Many a ship's officers have been left to their fate under like circumstances. If I did not accept your offer it was not your fault, but you see, men, I had a better plan of getting ashore, and you are all better off here than on the island of Barbadoes, and you all feel easier, than if you had allowed this ship and cargo to sink. We do things under certain impulses and conditions that we regret later, and our sorrow for every wrong committed grows with the years."

"That's square in the wake, Captain, but we was afraid of er life berth. If you had kept on for the Channel we would not have give you any trouble, if we had to pump the ocean through the bottom. Old England's a bigger lot er land than this little island; an' we could hide ourselves there, but er rabbit can't hide on this little lump er coral. It was to save our own hides, Captain, that we tried to take the boats, but we would have towed your boat to land on your word that you would not reported us to the consul."

"All right, men, I feel very much to blame myself," said the Captain, as he passed each man two

pounds sterling instead of one. "I hope you will find a good ship."

As the sailors left the cabin the leader said, "If the ole man had told us his troubles, we'd er stood by him."

"Avast heaving, mate," replied another, "the Captain don't have to ask the foc'sel hands what to do. If we'd obeyed orders as was our duty, we'd been ahead."

"Come ashore after dark, Mr. Baker," said the Captain, as he was leaving the ship to go on shore, whither his wife had already preceded him, "I want to have a talk with you, as I may arrange to go into dock at daylight."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the officer, and the men at the oars gave way and pulled for the hotel landing on the white sandy beach with as much energy in their strokes and good will in their looks as if nothing had happened and they expected to remain in the ship for the rest of the voyage.

Several hours later the Captain, his wife, and Mr. Baker were discussing the case of the sailors. The Captain's wife was well pleased with their dismissal.

"It would have benefited no one," she said, "had the sailors gone to prison for life. It was a hard place to put men in, and they felt morally justified, knowing that they had been imposed upon. We were obliged to

take chances, but we must deal leniently with those whom we unjustly force into service."

"A sailor has no excuse for disobeying orders," said Mr. Baker, "neither has an officer, and if you say let them go, that ends it with me; but I guess I'll stay on shore tonight. All night in a bed will be a great treat, that is if I can sleep without the music of them pumps."

"A very good idea," said the Captain. "I knew you would never get over the fact that a whole crew deserted the ship, and Mr. Baker on board, so I asked you to come ashore while the men were leaving the ship."

"Very kind of you, Captain, but I will go off about midnight, and kick up a rumpus with the officers for letting the sailors run away, just to save my reputation, you know. But Captain," continued the officer seriously, "will you tell me why that mutinous crew came aft when you ordered them to on the night they had charge of the ship and everything their own way, and could have made us walk the plank?"

"That was simply an illustration of what I have often explained concerning the power of suggestion," said the Captain smiling. "Those fellows knew that they had charge of the ship and had nothing to fear. Our presence on deck, in full view and offering no remonstrance, confirmed them in their assurance. They were not expecting to receive or obey orders from

the quarter-deck, and entirely ignored us. I was waiting for their move aft, which must be made before they could launch the boats, and when the leader of the gang was ready to bring the ship to, every man's mind was upon the execution of the very order I gave. I merely intensified the thought uppermost in their minds. They were waiting and expecting to execute it, and did not stop to consider from whence it came, but from force of habit, like machines, responded to the motive power."

"That sounds more like preaching than sailor talk," said Mr. Baker as he left the room, muttering to himself: "If that power of I don't know what you call it could pump a leaky skip or reef a topsail, there might be something in it. Bosh!"

The next morning there was not a man to turn to, and when the Captain was sure they had left the harbor in another ship, he offered a reward for their return. They were duly reported to the consul and entered in the logbook as deserters. The ship was docked, and the cause of so much expense and trouble was found in her garboard streak under the foremast. The strain received in the typhoon broke the pitch, causing the oakum to rot. Time and pressure did the rest and for the space of a foot there was not a thread of oakum in the seam. The leak that nearly sunk the ship was stopped in five minutes, the ship slid off into her native element once more, and with a new

crew proceeded on her voyage. Calling at Cork she was ordered to Greenock on the Clyde. Here the cargo was discharged and another taken on board for Boston, where she arrived in due time, with no mishap or incident out of the ordinary seafaring life, having completed the most remarkable voyage ever recorded.

The Captain was tendered a vote of thanks and a substantial reward, while the Captain's wife was made an honorary captain by a unanimous vote of the ship's owners and the Board of Underwriters.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "VIGILANT"

THE Captain gave up his ship, to the great regret of the owners, who bought out his entire interest and agreed to stand security for any amount he might fall short in fitting out the new ship. They had no idea that the Captain would ever find his boy, but they felt a deep sympathy for the afflicted parents and were greatly interested in the enterprise. While reason condemned the expenditure of so much time and money, which could not possibly bring satisfactory results, the ship owners applauded the faith manifested by the parents in their determination to search the world and fight all who opposed them in the rescue of their boy, and would rather lose all the money advanced than to disappoint the Captain's wife, who knew she would find her boy "somewhere, and some way."

Although the money had been secured it was not an easy matter to find a ship suitable for this expedition, and the Captain spent weeks visiting the docks and shipyards from Boston to Kennebec, in search for

a ship that would meet all the requirements of such an unusual voyage. After a week's search in the seaport towns of Massachusetts and Maine, he returned dejectedly to the office of the managing owner of his old ship, who met him with a hearty shake of the hand. "I have good news for you, Captain," said Mr. Hardy. "You remember that ship over in McKay's shipyard that you so much admired?"

"Yes," replied the Captain sadly, "but her owners would not give her up, although I offered them a handsome bonus."

"Her owners have failed, and Donald has her on his hands. You know she was being built for a special purpose, and as she is not well adapted for ordinary trade, it will be a long time before she finds a purchaser. They have quit work on her already," said Mr. Hardy, and his pleased expression plainly showed his interest in the Captain's enterprise.

"Thank you, Mr. Hardy," said the Captain, "I'll own her inside of an hour," and he rushed toward the door, as if afraid the ship would be sold before he could cross the ferry.

"Hold on, Captain," said Mr. Hardy, gently placing his hand on the Captain's shoulder, "we are interested in this enterprise, and we can make a better deal with Donald than you can."

"That's so, Mr. Hardy," said the Captain excitedly. "Go at once and buy her at any price."

"Not so fast, my dear Captain. She won't get away, and I don't want her very badly you know. Donald is an old friend of mine, and I am anxious to help him get a white elephant off his hand," said Mr. Hardy with a knowing wink.

"I suppose I would show more anxiety to close the deal than would be profitable, and that sharp old shipbuilder would take advantage of my necessity," said the Captain, well pleased with the interest the old merchant showed in the whole affair.

The ship under discussion was the only one the Captain could find that was adapted in every particular for the voyage he was about to enter upon. She was six hundred tons burden, extreme clipper build, bark rigged, and was expected to make eighteen knots under canvas, with a favorable opportunity. In addition to her sails she was fitted with auxiliary steam power, which alone would propel the ship twelve knots. She was built for the express purpose of carrying supplies to the South Atlantic whaling fleet that rendezvoused at Saint Helena, and the steam power was to assist her through the doldrums and tropical calms. A better ship for the expedition in search for Harry could not have been built, even if the Captain had planned her himself, and started from the keel; and more, she had been under construction for six months, and by extra exertion she could be launched in a month.

"Sit down, Captain, smoke a cigar and quiet your nerves. You have wasted more nerve energy in an hour than I have for the last ten years," said Mr. Hardy, as he returned to his office and found the Captain nervously pacing the floor, as if the uncompleted ship on the stocks would really get away.

"Have you closed the deal?" excitedly inquired the Captain, as he rushed up to Mr. Hardy and anxiously waited for his reply.

Mr. Hardy was one of those fine old characters of the last generation, who liked to have his own way and time about things. He smiled at the young Captain's impetuous manner, and replied very slowly, "Yes,—I—have—bought—her, pro-vid-ing——"

"Providing what?" interrupted the Captain impatiently.

"Pro-vid-ing she is launched within thirty days without the usual three days of grace," said the old merchant gleefully, rubbing his hands, "and——"

"And what?" again interrupted the Captain as Mr. Hardy hesitated in the most tantalizing manner.

"Every man who can work to advantage will be set to work tomorrow morning," said Mr. Hardy, finishing his report on the transaction.

"Good!" said the Captain, grasping the old merchant's hand. "You don't know how this affair is breaking me up, and my wife——" His voice

broke and his lips quivered, "She don't show it, but it is taking her very life, and if we don't find that boy she is dead or worse off."

"Your wife will stand it longer than you if I am not much mistaken. She is the most remarkable woman I have ever met," said the kind-hearted old merchant, in his slow, quiet way, wiping his eyes. "I have taken a personal interest in this affair," he continued, "and will see you through if I have to stand all extra expense."

The Captain, much affected by the kindness of Mr. Hardy, and surprised that people did take an interest in the misfortunes of others, did not say a word, but left the office, overwhelmed with emotion. There are times when words are inadequate to express the sentiment of the heart, and silence is fully understood and appreciated.

The Captain spent his whole time in the shipyard watching the workmen, while his wife visited the ship every day. The sad story of the loss of little Harry was well known, and mothers would involuntarily tighten the clasp upon the hands of their little ones, while sympathetic tears flowed down their faces as they related the story of little Harry among the cannibals to some new comer, and pointed out the afflicted parents. The shipyard was crowded with visitors, and every one took the deepest interest in everything connected with the ship. The nervous

anxiety of the Captain and the quiet determination on the face of his wife, with the sympathy of the crowd always standing around the ship, created a corresponding sympathy on the part of the ship-builders. Every workman felt that time was of the greatest value. They no longer came at seven, and quit work at six o'clock, but were on hand at daylight and remained till the shadows of night compelled them to quit. The master builder caught the infection, suspended all other work in the yard, and centered all of his energies and force of workmen on the ship, as if feeling it his duty to get her off the ways as soon as possible. At the end of three weeks from the date of Mr. Hardy's purchase of the ship, she was ready to launch. Never was such a launching witnessed in that port. It seemed as if the whole city had turned out in honor of the occasion. As the workmen split out the spur, and the ship started on her way to the ocean, the Captain's wife broke the bottle of wine on her bow and christened her "Vigilant." The vessel slid into the water amid the shouts of thousands of interested people, who were in full sympathy with her mission.

The ship was hauled under the shears and her masts stepped before the workmen left for the night. The building and rigging of that ship was a record breaker in the annals of shipbuilding, and the record of her construction, fitting out, and first cruise, can

be seen today, magnificently framed and hanging in the master builder's office. To the ordinary visitor, because of its surroundings, it appears much out of place, but it is the boast and pride of the most famous shipyard on the coast of New England.

The masts in place, the rigging was quickly set down, yards crossed and sails bent, while arms, ammunition, and stores for two years were taken on board and stowed away. Mr. Hardy insisted upon fitting out a cabin or saloon for the Captain's wife, while other merchants provided four twelve-pound brass howitzers with ammunition. The citizens contributed the bunting and a full set of awnings, and so great was the interest and sympathy in the novel enterprise, that farmers for miles around sent in large quantities of produce, while their wives contributed preserves, jellies, and jams, sufficient for the entire voyage.

The same set of officers who had stood so nobly by the Captain, and defended the ship against cannibals, pirates, and mutineers, were on the ship's articles, but not a sailor had been shipped. The Captain had left the selection of the crew to Mr. Baker, who appeared to be constantly on the lookout for the right men, but unable to find just the men he wanted.

"We are nearly ready for a crew, Mr. Baker," said the Captain impatiently, after listening to that officer's hard luck story about not finding the right

men. "If we can't get what we want, we must take the best we can get."

"We can do that at any time, so we will try for what we want as long as we can without detaining the ship; but there don't seem to be many first-class men wanting a ship," said Mr. Baker, with an air that indicated he could find the men when he had to.

"Certainly not," replied the Captain. "First-class men don't hunt long for a ship. I wish we had our old crew. I would take every one of them, but old Tom's 'man an' boy' experience would get a shock," he said, smiling, watching the churning propeller and straining hawsers, as the engineer was testing the machinery.

"We'll have a large crew, sir," said Mr. Baker, much pleased that the Captain expressed a desire to have all of the old hands back again.

"Yes," replied the Captain, sadly. "We are something more than a merchantman, and will have some other use for men than to work ship and handle cargo."

"That is right, Captain, but with twenty men besides the officers, engineers and firemen, we will be a well equipped man-of-war. I'll take another turn around the boarding houses this afternoon."

Mr. Baker returned to the ship as the Captain and his wife were leaving for the night.

"Hold on, Captain!" exclaimed Mr. Baker, as he

almost fell over the rail in his haste to tell the good news. "I have got them! Every mother's son of them will be on board in the morning," and he started up a jig.

"Got who?" inquired the Captain, looking sharply at the old officer and thinking he had met up with some friends and talked ship until he was shaking three points in the wind.

"Why our old crew, Captain," replied Mr. Baker, finishing the measure of the jig and wiping perspiration from his face, with "Beg pardon, Missus;" it was the Captain's turn to be surprised, while his wife clapped her hands for joy.

"How did you run afoul of them, Mr. Baker?" inquired the Captain.

"Well you see, Captain, I have been on the lookout for their ship ever since we have been in port, and have made trips to the pilot office several times a day. When I went out today I shaped my course straight for the pilot office, and found out that a ship from Manila passed Cape Cod this morning. I then took a new departure for the tow boat company's office, and reached there just in time to get a passage on the boat that was casting off her lines to go out after the ship, off the Minot's. My! but the boys was glad to see me, and the first thing they asked about was the cruise; and when I told them how we were making it, and holding a berth for them, they just danced the hornpipe, while old Tom related his

'man an' boy experience for forty years.' They will get paid off tomorrow, weather the boarding house, and won't start tack nor sheet till they strike the ship, and the land sharks will have to strike off shore."

"Now I understand why you could not find any sailors," said the Captain, greatly pleased with the fact that he would have for this desperate cruise men on whom he could depend in any emergency. "I think you ought to be Captain, Mr. Baker," he continued, "but then I don't know where you would find such a mate as I have always found in you."

"Thank you, Captain," replied Mr. Baker, much pleased with the compliment, "but we can fix it all right. Missus can be Captain; she beats both of us, and she holds a Captain's commission," taking off his hat and bowing to the Captain's wife.

The next day the sailors came on board, and were greeted as old friends by the Captain and his wife. The sailors took great interest in the ship, but would not go near the engine room. Their quarters were commodious and comfortable, far beyond anything they had ever seen before. "Man an' boy, I've sailed salt water nigh on to forty years," began old Tom, "and never aboard er craft like——"

"Belay that man an' boy gear, Tom," said Jack, "I's thinking—Say, mates, let's give the ole man er hawser. It's took er pile of money to fit out

this ship, an' fer one I wants er interest in this venture. What say, mates?"

"We's agreed," exclaimed all hands.

"You've got the best jaw tackle, Jack. Lay aft an' reel off the yarn to the ole man."

"No, mates," said Jack, "Tom's er good yarner. He's never seen er real ghost, but then he's seen the Flyin' Dutchman, an' he's er older han', an' the honor belongs to him."

After thoroughly discussing the question among the sailors, Tom and Jack endeavoring to prove each other the better fellow, the question was settled on honor, and Tom was delegated to represent the forecastle on the quarter-deck, but warned not to loose that 'man an' boy sail.'

"Well, Tom, what can I do for you?" inquired the Captain, as Tom stood at the cabin door, hat in hand, really at loss to know how to begin.

"I wants to speak to you, sir, on bisness," said Tom, with the rim of his hat in his mouth, bashful as a schoolboy.

"All right, Tom, walk in and take a seat," said the Captain. "Pretty fine ship we have, isn't she, Tom?"

"That she is, sir," said Tom, "'an' me an' my mates wants er interest in her. You see, Captain, we's just been paid off an' didn't go ashore, but comes right erboard. We has er hundred an' fifty, each of us, which,

Jack says, an' he's edicated, make three thousan' dollars, that the boardin' house sharks won't get this voyage; an' we'ud like to be ship owners. If we can't have er piece of the ship, you can have the money, Captain. Money never does us sailors any good, anyway."

"Why, Tom," said the Captain, overwhelmed with the kindness and generosity of the sailors, "you shall all have a share in this enterprise, and I will have certificates of ownership made out this very day; and more, as this voyage does not promise any returns on the investment, your money shall draw interest as if you had put it in the bank."

"No, Captain, when we becomes ship owners we takes our chances with the rest. Ship business, you know, Captain, is square-rigged, an' not like the lan' shark concerns, where a few what have the weather gauge bear away with square yards an' leaves the rest stranded on a lee shore."

"All right, Tom. Tell your mates that I fully appreciate their sympathy and interest and that they have made Missus the happiest Captain afloat."

"Missus Captain?" said Tom with a puzzled expression. "She ought to be, beggin' your pardon, Captain."

"I forgot, Tom, you did not know that the underwriters and owners of the old ship gave Missus a Captain's commission, what is called honorary, as

a compliment for the valuable service rendered on our last voyage."

"If it hain't out er trim, Captain, we'd like to celebrate in honor of the new Captain," said Tom; then hesitating, "No, I guess it won't be pleasant for her."

"We will all celebrate when we get back," said the Captain sadly.

"There's one more thing, Captain, beggin' your pardon. You knows we's sailors, an' we don't like that big stovepipe an' all that machinery down in the hold. There's nothin' shipshape erbout these smokers crawlin' erlong through the water like er snake in the grass, an' er sailor feels disgraced when he sees er lot er coal heavers an' mechanics runnin' the ship, an' all he has to do is wash decks, an' clean brass work."

"I don't like it any better than you do, Tom," replied the Captain, "but you know we are going on a desperate voyage, and we are obliged to take desperate chances. You see we have the same masts and spars, with the same spread of canvas as if we did not have that infernal teapot stowed away in the hold. We will use the steam only to pull us through the calms, and to help us when we get after the natives."

"All right, Captain," said Tom, his face brightening, "I tole mates you was too much of er sailor

to mix up with these new fangled ideas of sailin' ships, an' now I can tell 'em what you says; but, Captain, have we got to 'sociate with the men that shovels the coal an' runs the machinery?"

"Not unless you want to, Tom. They have their quarters, you have yours. They know no more about your duties, or how to perform them, than you know about theirs. But, Tom," said the Captain in a confidential way, "when we can no longer feel the good ship careening to leeward under pressure of her own canvas, and watch the snow-white sails bellying to the breeze, lifting the ship as she glides through the water, leaping from billow to billow like a thing of life, shaking the spray from her bows, dashing it aloft and around and leaving a foaming eddying wake behind her, we will quit the sea and go to farming."

The Captain's loyalty to sailing ships could no longer be doubted. Tom sprang to his feet, and with a sigh of relief grasped his hand and said:

"I knows you is all right, an' Jack, he's edicated, says you'r all right, but mates thought you is goin' off on the wrong tack. We is goin' to stan' by you, Captain, teapot or no teapot, but it'll ease our min's to know that you still hang to the true sailor style of navigation."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SAILING OF THE "VIGILANT"

THE ship, swinging to her moorings, ready for sea, with her long black hull, low sit, tall masts, and square yards, presenting a magnificent picture of nautical beauty and architecture, was the admiration of both sailors and landmen. Neither a merchantman nor a man-of-war, she had the trim appearance of a revenue cutter, or, as fancy would picture from the history of that famous craft, the privateer of revolutionary time, with the additional improvement of steam and modern build. The between decks were fitted up for the accommodation of the crew. The Captain's wife had, through the generosity of Mr. Hardy and others of the old ship's owners, for her own private use a luxuriously furnished saloon, of which Mrs. Hardy superintended the arrangements. The selection of carpet, furniture, and bric-a-brac were made with great care by this motherly lady, as if the ship was fitting out for the rescue of her own son, and she was preparing to entertain him in royal style.

"I know you can take no interest in all this fixing, dear," said Mrs. Hardy, as the Captain's wife sadly

surveyed the pretty cabin, "but on the return voyage after you have found your boy, then you will enjoy it."

Next forward was the Captain's cabin, then the officers', and dining saloon; forward of these were the engineers', firemens', and sailors' quarters. In their places on the holystoned deck were the four brass cannon, the pride of the sailors, who kept them polished to the highest degree. Adjustable steel wire netting completely surrounded the ship above the rail to the height of six feet, making it impossible for a native to gain a foothold on her deck; the wheel-house was protected from the arrows and spears of the natives by closely woven steel wire mats, which could easily be adjusted when necessary; but the most ingenious device was a heavy steel wire net so arranged as to fold and lay along and under the rail, and when rigged extended outward twelve feet, having a drop from the level of the rail to the water's edge completely encircling the ship. A current of electricity from the dynamo could be sent through the rod that held the net. This was for the protection of the ship while lying at anchor among the islands, making her as secure from native attacks as if she had been inclosed by solid walls of masonry. No force of natives could ever cross that death-dealing wire when the current was on.

This was the device of a young electrician, who

at that time was considered visionary, but has since risen to fame and fortune, whose name is now a household word throughout the civilized world.

The ship was unique, both in her construction and outfitting, and her mission unparalleled.

Who but a mother could plan such an expedition, and enlist, through sympathy, the brains and skill of a nation; not one of the vast multitude, who by their united effort made it possible to fit out the ship, could give any logical reason for sending a ship to search the world for a lost boy. It was sentiment which stimulated the brain and intensified the skill that produced a marvel in mechanical and nautical handiwork, and the world took a stride of an hundred years. The mother did not stop to count the cost, or to consider the difficulties that must be overcome; neither did she try by logical argument, as man would, to prove how it was possible or impossible to find her boy, who had been among the savages for more than a year, and might be dead or removed thousands of miles from the place of his capture. With her there was but one thing to do: fit out a ship and search until the boy was found, or his fate known. To her the boy was alive and would be rescued. The father's reasoning gave him no hope. He might visit every island in the Indian Archipelago without finding a trace of the lost child, and he might locate his boy and fail

to rescue him. He might demolish all of their sea coast villages within the reach of his guns, but how could he follow them inland? While reason viewed the enterprise as hopeless, he still had faith in his wife's intuition, or whatever it may be called, and if at times he doubted the possibility of success, he was ready to sacrifice everything, even his life, in obedience to that subconscious power so strongly developed in his wife as to compel every one to comply with her silent demands. The officers and crew had great faith in "Missus," and while they might have doubted the success of the enterprise, they were greatly attached to the Captain and "Missus" and the faint hope of finding Harry, "the son of the ship," for whom they all felt the tender love and sympathy of a father, together with their love of adventure and the novelty of the cruise, were incentives enough to create a genuine enthusiasm for what promised to be the most hazardous enterprise of their already eventful lives.

The ship cleared the customs for the Solomon Islands on a trading voyage, and while the custom house officials knew full well the destination and object of the cruise, they did not haggle over technicalities, but permitted an armed cruiser to leave port for the purpose of making war on the natives, if necessary, on her own account.

It was a great day when the ship sailed. The

sailors were in their glory, and long before daylight were making the ship trim for inspection by the Captain's friends, who were to sail down the harbor in the ship.

"Man an' boy, I've sailed salt water nigh on to forty years, an' never saw as trim er ship," said Tom, as he and the sailors were lounging about the topgallant forecastle anxiously waiting for the order to "Man the capstan."

"Don't like it, Tom," said Jack, eyeing the smoke-stack and tugging away at a tough piece of navy.

"Give us a chaw, mate," said Tom, with a contemptuous glance at the offending black funnel. "We'll wants lots er navy on this cruise," viciously biting off a generous "chaw" as a consoler to his wounded pride, "but we's got that infernal ole fantail sailor's disgrace out er water, an' we'll show the lan' lubbers how to handle er ship in the only nateral way."

The order to "Man the windlass" broke up the conversation on the topgallant forecastle, and the old familiar chant, "we're outward bound," broke the stillness of the morning's quiet, as the sailors, marching around the capstan in time with their own tune, quickly "hove short" the chain. The new capstan windlass, with its ease and rapidity, was a great surprise to the men, and when the order came "Vast heaving," old Tom could contain himself no longer. "Man an'——" "Sheet home the topsail!" from the

officer, cut short his usual expression on such occasions, while the rattling of the sheets through the blocks was a more pleasant sound to the sailors than Tom's declamation. The propeller had been disconnected from the shaft and hoisted clear of the water so as not to impede the progress of the ship under sail. This greatly pleased the sailors, and if the "sailor's disgrace," as they called it, had broken adrift and found a resting place in Davy Jones's locker, they would have danced for joy.

The Captain was nervously pacing the quarter-deck, impatiently waiting for his friends who were coming to see him off and take the first sail on the ship in which they were so much interested, while his wife, pale with suppressed excitement, stood watching the sailors as they performed their various duties. Some were coiling the ropes, others apparently were hanging from every yard, loosing the sails and making up the gaskets, every one of the same size and hanging uniformly under the yards, as if to be inspected by an admiral of some rival nation. During this maneuvering of the sailors, the Captain's wife often glanced toward the piers, and the flush on her face, as the first tug put off, indicated that she was as anxious as her husband to fill away and be off on their long journey to the Indian Ocean.

Tug after tug, loaded with men, women and children, was leaving the piers, puffing away and heading

for the ship. Merchants closed their offices and gave themselves a holiday. Every available steamboat was chartered to carry down the harbor those who could not find room on the ship. The anchor was weighed and the ship filled away amid the shouts of the people, who, unable to procure passage down the harbor, were standing on the piers which lined the harbor's front.

The ship increased her speed as sail after sail was spread to a strong westerly breeze, until she left the fleet of tugs behind and ran away from the steamers that were following in her wake.

"I guess she will sustain Donald's reputation for fast sailing, Captain," said Mr. Hardy, looking over the ship's side and then at the fleet of small steamers gradually dropping astern.

"Yes," replied the Captain, well pleased, "she's a sailer and no mistake; if her steam power is equal to her canvas she will fill the bill."

"Why didn't you try the steam out of the harbor, Captain?" inquired Mr. Hardy.

"Out of pure respect for the feelings of the sailors," replied the Captain. Those poor fellows know that the prerogatives of the old salts are slipping away from them, and it would have broken their noble hearts if I had not given them a chance to show their seamanship before this company, and they have acquitted themselves with honors. They are the finest lot of men that ever steered a trick or reefed a topsail."

"The old sailor don't take kindly to steam, and to me it seems strange, when it saves so much work and many a hard drubbing," said Mr. Hardy.

"Not so strange, Mr. Hardy," replied the Captain. "The sailor cannot be appreciated for his full worth as a man because he is not known by those whom he serves. His little diversions in foreign ports, unrestrained by home influences, are magnified by his shore friends, who, without the training and discipline of the sailor, would give cause for harsher criticism under like conditions. I can't help a feeling of regret as I notice the old sailing ships falling to the rear, and steamers coming to the front. The old tar will never make a steamship sailor; a new class of men will be trained for the new service. Mechanics, and ordinary laborers for coal heavers and deck washers, will be the sailor of the future."

"I guess you are right, Captain, but what will become of the old sailor?"

"O! He will die out," said the Captain with a sigh. "He has had his day and filled his place, but now must drop out to make room for the onward march of invention which is already revolutionizing the world; but romance and adventure in navigation will have died with him, and the world will lose the class of brave and honest men that only a seafaring life in sailing ships can produce. The young sailor will adapt himself to the new order of things, and in a few years more the

old sailor, as we know him today, will be as much of a curiosity as the traditional mermaid."

"Well, Captain," exclaimed Mr. Hardy in great surprise, "are you going to take us out to sea? We are past the lighthouse and the tugs are a mile astern."

"Slack down the topgallant sails and back the main topsail," ordered the Captain; then to Mr. Hardy, "I am in no great hurry to part with such genial company," looking at his watch; "half an hour since we passed Boston light. Nine miles in half an hour. Must have had a strong ebb tide. No ship can reel off nine in that time."

"You did not call upon us for any help," said Mr. Hardy. "How did you manage it?"

"Why, I never saw anything like it," replied the Captain; "every one had something to give. Old Donald struck off a good figure for cash, so he said; the carpenter donated one day's pay and made no charge for overtime; the merchants and farmers fitted us out, and to cap the climax, the sailors turned in three thousand, Mr. Baker and the old officers turned their assets into gold, and we have coin enough on hand to start a bank."

"Glad to hear it," said Mr. Hardy, grasping the Captain's hand. "I never saw such a general interest in anything before. I guess the old saying, 'All the world's akin' can still be quoted, but if you need any money on your cruise draw on us;" then with a

knowing smile, "You know how to make a draft, Captain."

"I did draw on you pretty heavy the last voyage" said the Captain triumphantly.

"Yes, you did, Captain, but you brought the ship home, and I guess she is worth her bills yet a while. The underwriters ought to have pensioned you for life," said Mr. Hardy, with much earnestness.

"They have come down handsomely," replied the Captain. "They have presented me with a paid-up insurance policy for the cruise."

The steamers were soon alongside, and with the usual handshaking and good wishes, the crowd was safely transferred to the tugs, and the ship filled away amid the shouts of the people, ringing of bells, and blowing of whistles. The steamers returned to the city, while the ship shaped her course for her long trip to the other side of the globe.

"How kind the people are," said the Captain's wife, as she stood watching the fleet of steamers fading from view.

"Yes," replied her husband musingly, "I guess I was mistaken when I said that our troubles are our own, and that owners and underwriters will give us their sympathy but not their money. It appears that our troubles are everybody's, and owners and underwriters will invest their money, as it has been proven in our case."

The wind was fresh from the west, and when the ship passed Cape Cod, and hauled up on her course, bringing the wind two points abaft the beam, every sail was drawing to the best advantage.

"Now's the time to see what she's made of," said Mr. Baker, as he came aft with the glass and log line.

All hands came aft. The Captain took the wheel, and after trimming each sail so that it would pull to the last ounce, said, "Heave the log." Every man watched in breathless anxiety, until Bill, who was holding the glass, said professionally, "S-a-n-d out."

"Seventeen and a half," said Mr. Baker, with some hesitation.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Captain in surprise. "That log line is wrong. Measure the log line, Mr. Baker."

While Mr. Baker was measuring the line there was more excitement than the same men had ever manifested in the worst fight they had taken a hand in, for who ever heard of a ship of her tonnage sailing seventeen and a half knots. Old Tom, out of respect to Missus, tried hard to "behave before ladies," but could not contain himself any longer.

"Man an' boy, I've ——"

"Line correct, sir," said Mr. Baker.

"Time the glass," ordered the Captain. "Give me the glass, Mr. Baker, and you go below and count off fifteen seconds."

"Turn," came the word from Mr. Baker, who was at the cronometer. The Captain turned the glass; "time" from Mr. Baker and "out" from the Captain came simultaneously. Log line and fifteen second glass were correct. There was no doubt that the ship was fully up to the builders' estimate of speed. All hands were greatly elated, for a fast ship is to a sailor what a fast horse is to the lover of the turf.

As the ship was provided with steam power, the Captain did not take the longer route laid down for sailing ships, but made a straight course for the equator at a point where he could weather Cape Saint Rogue, under sail, after striking the southeast trades. Entering the region of the doldrums, the Captain lost no time with calms and light baffling winds, but connected the propeller with the shaft, and ordered steam up. The ship made fourteen knots under steam alone, and the Captain was satisfied.

"How do you account for the speed, Captain?" asked Mr. Baker. "Ships don't usually come up to builders' estimate."

"Just pure luck, Mr. Baker; can't find a better term. The next ship built on this model may fall short as much as this one runs over. To illustrate, take the yacht "America"; they have been trying to build another with the same speed ever since she won the cup, and when they found they could not do it, and the

"America" getting old, they took her to pieces, one timber at a time, and carefully replaced each timber with a new one modeled exactly like the old one taken out, until they had her completely rebuilt, but she has never sailed since, and any old lime juice tub of a yacht can sail all around her. We are only ten days out, and we cross the equator tomorrow," said the Captain, glancing at the black smoke pouring out of the funnels and soiling the white sails snugly furled on the yards.

"She beats anything I have ever sailed in," said Mr. Baker, in a semi-dissatisfied tone, as he viewed the small black specks on the white holystoned deck. "That reminds me, Captain; the boys are very anxious to know whether you expect old Neptune on board when we cross the line."

"Really, Mr. Baker;" replied the Captain, "I do not approve of that old time custom, but the sailors look upon it as their right, and cannot understand my objections. I suppose we will have to permit it, especially as we have on board a new class of men whom the old salt is not very friendly to. The sailors will show the firemen and coal heavers more consideration after they are duly initiated, and a better feeling will exist between them after the ceremony. Just caution the men not to be severe on the candidates, and let them have their fun."

CHAPTER XVIII.

OLD NEPTUNE

“IT’s kind er runnin’ free of the ole man an’ Missus, under the sarcumstances, to have ole Neptune come er board,” said Tom, taking a seat on the head of the capstan, with the rest of the crew grouped around for a smoke, and to plan for the morrow’s ceremonies.

“Captain an’ Missus has no heart in this bisness,” said Jack, whose education had won for him a position of importance in all their discussions. “They just want to give us a good time with a little pleasant amusement. Y’ve not been used to such consideration in ships I’ve sailed. You must have had plain sailin’ ’fore the trouble struck the ship, but we’ll see them out of it.”

“You’re right, mates,” said Tom, who had overcome all jealousies and held Jack in great respect on account of his “edication.”

“’Fore this voyage,” continued Tom, glancing around to make sure no lubber was present, “the ole man allus played the part of Neptune, an it

would er done ye eyes good to see him rigged out with all his fixin's, crown and trident, just like er reg'lar play actor. Why mates, we'd have his crown an' trident under the bows, an' he'd rig out below, an' while all han's was busy heavin' the ship to for Neptune to come er longside he'd drop overboard out of the cabin winder an' swim close er long the lee side of the ship up to the bows, while the men was busy to weather. I'd give him a rope an' help him fix his crown, hair an' whiskers, an' then he'd come right over the bows, drip'in' with the briny, just like er king er the ocean, standin' as straight as er topmast, look er round the ship as if he'd never seen her before, an' bring his trident down on the focks'l with a thud that makes the chills crawl up the backs of the greenies, an' hail the ship. The new han's would be so scared they'd never knows 'twas the ole man till it was all over, an' Missus was happy then, an' would laff an' have lots of fun. Jack, you never hears Missus laff"; then seriously, "I'd give er year's pay to see Missus laff as she uster do. She'd say, 'Tom, don't hurt 'em.' Missus is allus kind an' pleasant like. You see, mates, I was allus what you calls marster of sarimonies, an' little Harry—mates, let's give it up," wiping his eyes with his shirt sleeve, overcome by his feelings in talking over old times.

"Don't know but you's right, Tom," said Jack

sympathetically, "but them Salamanders down to the other end of that infernal smoke," choking and rubbing his eyes, "ought er be interduced to ole Neptune, but its driftin' to lu'ard, mates, to admit such lubbers, with ekal rights an' privileges, to the Ancient Order of Neptune."

"Guess we'll have to do it," said Tom, somewhat irritated by a cinder that had lodged in his starboard eye. "We'll be easy with 'em on Missus' account, but that crowd of devil-helpers must be ne-she-ated out er respect to ole Neptune."

The sailors were at work before daylight putting the ship in trim to receive the god of the ocean in a style befitting his dignity, and making the necessary preparations for the initiation. The longboat sitting amidships, upright, in her checks, was filled with water, and a platform built nearly half way over her, on which was placed an improvised barber's chair. A mixture of tar and slush, for lather, was prepared, while a common deck bucket served as a shaving mug, and a ship's scraper for the razor, completed the barber outfit.

The Captain and officers dressed for the august occasion, while the sailors togged out in their shore clothes. The Captain's wife, although not approving of such ceremonies, was willing to gratify the sailors by her presence. Mr. Baker, who was to impersonate old Neptune, had prepared a wig, made from Manila

rope yards, combed and bleached, which hung in a bushy mass well down over his shoulders; whiskers made of the same material reached to his knees, which gave him the appearance of the veritable god of the sea.

The preparations made to receive Neptune caused great uneasiness among the engineers and firemen, inasmuch as none of them, with the exception of the chief engineer, had ever been out of sight of land before this voyage, and whether they believed the old legend or not, they knew that to them it would be a reality. If Neptune was nothing but a myth, they were to be the victims, and must submit to the inevitable with as good grace as possible, and even up in the future.

The Captain, in performing his part of the ceremony, took an altitude of the sun, and made the calculation to ascertain the correct position of the ship, then gravely ordered Mr. Baker to have the new hands lay aft.

"Men," said the Captain, as the smoke-begrimed engineer's gang lined up on the quarter-deck, wondering what was coming, and how it would end, "it is my duty to show you the line, or what the land-lubbers call the equator. This is of the greatest importance to you who have been taught that the equator is an imaginary line encircling the globe half way between the poles. This is false, as you can

testify from your own observations. You will also be able to answer the first question that His Majesty will ask you"; then confidentially, "It would have gone hard with you if I had not taken this precaution at the last minute; I really did not know we were so near the line. Take this telescope and bring it on a level with the bowrail and tell me what you see."

The man next to the Captain took the glass with a trembling hand, and looked through it as directed. Pallor crept over his face, and he nearly dropped the glass as he stammered:

"I — see — it!"

"See what?" gravely inquired the Captain.

"The line, or equator, sir," his teeth chattering.

"It is the line; never say equator again," said the Captain sternly.

The telescope was passed from one to another until they all declared they had seen the line; and so they had, for the Captain had drawn a fine thread of the spider's web across the object glass of the marine telescope.

"The line," explained the Captain, "is five miles off. You may return to your duties, but at three bells come aft, and I will show you the line astern."

The men were rather credulous, although they had been taught that the line was imaginary, but had they not seen it with their own eyes? They were not fully

prepared for the next act in the play. Three bells struck and the men promptly laid aft. This time the Captain dare not trust the glass with any of the men without some kind of a warning, so he passed it to the chief engineer and told him to report what he saw. The engineer took the glass and leveled it over the taffrail, and said with a trembling voice, hardly audible:

"I see the line broken, and Neptune in his nautilus-shaped chariot, with four seahorses, coming through the gap."

The men stared at each other, while the color left their faces; they seemed inclined to run away, but the Captain raised his hand and solemnly said:

"Men, if you cannot truthfully tell old Neptune that you saw him coming through the break in the line made by the ship, it will be all the worse for you when he gets on board."

At this each man in turn took the glass and declared that they saw the line broken and Neptune coming through the gap; and they really did, for during the time the ship had been crossing the equator the Captain had placed a microscopic picture of Neptune over the line and in the center of the object glass, which to any one unaccustomed to the use of the telescope, and laboring under more or less excitement, would have the appearance of reality, and thus deceive more people than would be willing to admit it.

"Now," said the Captain to the thoroughly alarmed men, "you have seen the line before we reached it and after the ship passed through, and are convinced by the evidence of your own eyes that all of the learned men of the earth are wrong. The line is real and Neptune no myth, but my duty, as a son of Neptune, demands that I tell you more, to prepare you for the examination, which will be severe. The breaking of the line summons Neptune from any part of the globe on the line, and he follows the ship through and repairs the break. If you will look through the telescope now you will find the line whole."

The engineer took the glass and reported the line whole, but Neptune could not be seen.

"No," replied the Captain, "Neptune and his chariot can only be seen when in contact with the line or ship, and as his team never touches the ship, it is visible only on the line. You are lucky fellows; but few green hands have seen his famous rig. A minute later and you would have missed a sight that kings would give their crowns to witness. He happened to be close aboard when we crossed. If he had been on the other side of the earth he would not have found us until daylight tomorrow, for he makes the circuit of the earth in twenty-four hours."

"Ship a-h-o-y-ee!" came from under the bows, and Neptune, shaking the salt water from his bushy

hair and long, white beard, stepped over the bows and stood erect on the topgallant forecastle, with his trident pointing defiantly at the black funnel, pouring out a volume of smoke and cinders, while he critically surveyed the ship till his eyes rested upon the group of firemen and coal heavers who crouched in the waist, trembling with excitement.

"Hel-loo!" responded the Captain, speaking through his trumpet.

"What kind of a craft is this, hissing along through the water with no wind, and every stitch of canvas furled?" said old Neptune, as he indignantly strode aft to where the Captain and his wife were standing to receive him. "By my trident, Captain," bringing the butt of it down on the deck, "if it was not for your wife, whom I have met before," bowing to the Captain's wife, "and your past good record as a sailor, I would disrate you for entering my domain in such a craft as this, and these," looking in astonishment at the group of frightened firemen.

"I owe you an apology, Neptune," said the Captain, bowing. "I have always been loyal to the craft until this voyage, but I am on a desperate cruise."

"That is all right, Captain, I know your trouble, and that you are too true a son of the sea to violate your vows under any ordinary circumstances; but whenever you cross the line again in such a lubberly craft as this, heave to till I board. The line caught

in your infernal twister, and wound up a mile of it, and it took me so long to pick up the ends and make the splice you got the start of me, and I nearly winded my team ; then they took fright from the hissing, sizzling, hot water that is coming out of that coffeepot spout," looking over the side. "My team is no where in sight," he continued, shading his eyes with his hand and looking around. "But I must get down to business or I will find myself at the south pole." After inquiring where the ship was from and where bound, he said, "Are there any green hands aboard?"

"Not of the regular sort, Neptune," replied the Captain, "but this crowd of the coming sailor kind," pointing to the group of paralyzed coal heavers, who had listened to every word and watched every motion of Neptune since he came on board.

"Coming sailor kind," retorted Neptune with a contemptuous curl of his lip ; "there will be no sailors of the future, nothing but a sort of landlubbers ; but these will have to be initiated like regular sailors if they invade my domain." Then waving his hand he continued, "Send the lubbers below until called for. Well, my noble sons of the ocean," addressing the old sailors, "have you any complaint to make?"

"Man an' boy——"

"Belay that, Tom," said Neptune, "I have heard that preamble for forty years, and your experience

for that length of time will not serve you in the future. With all your seamanship, if it was not for that infernal machinery this ship would be slatting her canvas to threads in a dead calm instead of plowing the briny at the rate of fourteen knots. All that is left for the sailor is to steer the ship and keep her clean, if such a thing is possible," sadly surveying the grimy decks.

"That's what we complains of, Neptune. These lubbers are takin' our places an' disgracin' the noble profession."

"My son," solemnly said the god of the ocean, "Your race is nearly run, and you will soon be stowed away in Davy's locker where your shipmates have preceded you; but they keeled happy before they saw the disgrace of this day. Your name will be forgotten by those who take your place. There is no help for it. My duty is to initiate whatever class of navigators the landlubbers send into my domain. My laws are eternal. Bring on the new sailor."

One of the firemen, blindfolded, was led on deck and placed in the barber's chair.

"Have you seen the line?" asked Neptune.

"Yes, sir," replied the candidate.

"Are you convinced that your teaching about the line being imaginary has been wrong, and that your knowledge pilot was on the wrong tack?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see Neptune and his chariot with his team of four seahorses?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe that Neptune is nothing but a myth, without personality?"

"No, sir."

"You solemnly swear by my trident that you will protect your ship, your brother sailor, his wife and children, with your life?"

"Yes, sir," in a trembling voice.

"You swear by my beard that you will obey your wife, for with the new sailor comes the new woman? You swear to submit to her dictations without a murmur, and in fact take up her duties which generations of training have fitted her for, and permit her, without question, to assume the duties of man, which she is better qualified to perform through that wonderful intuition, recently discovered, which knocks generations of learning and experience into the lee scuppers."

"Yes, sir," with hesitation.

"You swear by the great briny to lend a helping hand to any distressed sailor within your cable's length?"

"Yes, sir."

"You swear by my chariot that you will never shovel a pound of coal when there is wind enough for the ship to make more way under her own



WHEN A BUCKET OF SALT WATER WAS POURED DOWN THE BIG
END OF THE TRUMPET.

canvas than with your infernal squeaking machinery?"

"Yes, sir," said the victim, growing nervous under the questioning.

"Shave off that lubberly beard," ordered Neptune to his assistant, who came forward and lathered the victim's face, not omitting mouth and ears, with the contents of the slush bucket, applied with a pitch swab. The barber, with a ship's scraper, gravely proceeded to shave off the stubby beard. It was rather hard on the novice, but no worse than one might experience in some country barber shop.

"Hail the main top, my son," said Neptune, passing him a speaking trumpet, "I want to hear what kind of a voice the new sailor can boast."

The poor fellow with his head thrown back and lungs expanded, was about to hail, desiring to make a good record, when a bucket of salt water was poured down the big end of the trumpet; simultaneously the props of the chair were knocked away, precipitating the candidate into the water. Blindfolded, half choked, and in the water, his nerves at their highest tension, face smarting from the effects of the rough shave, and not knowing whether he was in the longboat or overboard, his actions were too ludicrous to describe, but are left to the imagination of the reader. This ended the ceremony, and the victim was taken out and placed under guard, while

his comrades were passing through the same ordeal. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the newly initiated sailors were lined up on the quarter-deck for the parting advice of old Neptune.

“My sons,” said Neptune tragically, “before the land encroached upon my domain, I was; and when the waters shall again cover the earth, I shall be. No craft ante-dates the order of Neptune. Listen to my counsel. You are permitted to growl about the quality of grub, and abuse the officers of your ship, but not in their presence or hearing. It is your right to praise your last ship and cause dissatisfaction among your shipmates. You must study the noble art of yarning, which will be taught in a manner as hereafter provided. Every yarn spun by any member of this order shall be accepted as truth.” Then turning to the old sailors, he continued, “My tried and faithful sons, your duty will be to instruct your brothers in the noble science of yarning, and keep alive the traditional Flying Dutchman, and all other ghost stories with graphic recitals of your own experiences. You are authorized to confer degrees, in my name, upon the novices when they can qualify in the science, and the best hair-lifting yarner shall be their leader.” Then raising his hands in the manner of a benediction, he concluded solmenly, “I now proclaim you sons of Neptune, with all the rights and privileges of the sea on board of any ship

or rig, in all parts of the world, and under any flag." Then whistling for his horses, which he declared had recovered from their fright, and were waiting under the bow, left in the same manner he had come on board.

The sailors were satisfied with their good time, at the expense of their fellows, but no one was hurt, and the ceremonies were mild in comparison with some of the initiations practiced by the prominent secret societies on land. This practice among the old-time sailors, rough and uncouth as it may seem, has the same effect and produces the same brotherly feeling as is supposed to exist in fraternal societies.

The social condition of the engineers and firemen was greatly improved, and while the sailors consider them an inferior class, they no longer called them land-lubbers, for they now belonged to the brotherhood.

Two days under steam carried the ship into a strong southeast trade. The propeller was hauled up, which was a great relief to the firemen, and sail made, to the great joy of the sailors, and the ship under the influence of her own canvas, bowled along toward the Cape of Good Hope.

CHAPTER XIX.

ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR

PASSING the Cape of Good Hope and following the regular route for sailing vessels, the ship arrived at Sydney, Australia, seventy days from port to port, having used her steam power but two days in making the long distance. The ship attracted much attention from the sailors of all nationalities in the harbor, and the seafaring community of that famous seaport took a great interest in her from the first, both on account of her remarkably quick passage and beautiful lines. It was evident to all that she was no ordinary merchant ship, and there was much speculation as to the nature of her voyage. Ship news spreads quickly in any seaport, and before the ship had been at anchor six hours every one connected with shipping, from sailor to broker, knew that she was on a trading voyage among the islands, and had called for fresh provisions and water. While this was the general opinion, there were others who thought differently, as the following conversation, overheard by the

Captain as he was smoking a cigar in the club frequented by captains and naval officers, testified.

"She is no honest trader," said a full red-faced man, in the uniform of a captain of the English navy.

"What makes you think so?" inquired his companion, who might have been one of a dozen officials connected with the customs of the port.

"She is as trim as a man-of-war, and I counted thirty men on her deck this morning, and she may have thirty more. Fifteen men would be a large crew for her tonnage. Then she has steam power; no ordinary merchant ship would be fitted out in that shape." Then a whispered conversation of which the Captain could only catch a stray word or two, such as "mysterious," and "ought to be looked after."

"You may be right, Captain," said the official, swelling up with his own importance, "but she is an American ship. Papers all right, and the government cannot interfere without some good reason."

"These Yankees are clever," replied the English captain. "She is bound for China, either after coolies or opium; take my word for it. She is fitted out with sail and steam, crew enough for a man-of-war, and she is well prepared to fight, and with those four large guns on her deck, she would make it interesting for any of Her Majesty's gunboats in these waters."

"Do you think I had better report my suspicions to the office?" inquired the official.

"No duty was ever plainer," replied the English captain, sipping his brandy and water.

Captain Willis did not remain to hear anything more, but hastened on board, where he found all hands at work filling water and taking in fresh provisions from the lighters alongside.

"Order the engineer to get up steam at once, Mr. Baker," said the Captain as he came over the side. "These lime juicers think we are smugglers or coolie catchers, and will delay us if we can't get away. I have no time to spare, or patience to wait until I can make the authorities understand that I have a boy among the cannibals, and that my life and fortune are staked upon an enterprise which the whole force of the English navy in this part of the world dare not undertake. That man-of-war," indicating the Englishman, "would try to prevent us leaving the harbor if her captain knew our mission; we might not get out of the harbor past the fort, but that lime juice tub would plow the waves no more."

"They are always meddling with other people's business, and if it was not for interfering with our cruise, I'd like to teach Johnny Bull a lesson he would not forget, and show the beefeaters that we don't need any guardian," said Mr. Baker, contemptuously, as he started to give the Captain's order.

The Captain made no reply to the energetic remark of his officer and friend, but continued to pace

the bridge, with his attention equally divided between the smoke from the funnel and the crowded custom-house pier.

"They are putting off," said Mr. Baker, as an eight-oared boat, flying the custom's flag of the Colony, shot out into the stream and headed for the ship.

The Captain made no reply, but watched the boat until she was nearly alongside.

"Muster all hands in the gangway!" ordered the Captain. "Those fellows shall not board this ship. I will see if an American ship has any rights in an English port."

"Lay off!" commanded the Captain, as the boat was making a circuit to lay alongside.

The officer of the boat paid no attention to the Captain's order, but shot his boat up to the gangway. The crew threw in their oars in the neat man-of-war style, while the bow oarsman stood ready with his boat hook.

Mr. Baker, with the whole ship's company, was at the gangway ready to prevent the officers from coming on board.

"I shall not allow you to board this ship, sir," said the Captain, addressing the officer in the boat.

The custom's official, astonished at the audacity of the Yankee captain, and foaming with rage, yelled:

"Will you defy Her Majesty's officer in the performance of his duty?"

"What do you want with me, sir?" coolly inquired the Captain.

"I am ordered to search your ship, sir." Then to his men, "Lay on board."

But thirty gleaming cutlasses flashing in the sunlight were more than the men cared to pass through and the order was not obeyed.

"I thought you got enough of searching American ships away back in 1812," said the Captain tauntingly. "You may remember something about that little affair. I have heard my father tell how we knocked some false ideas out of your heads, and that ever since we had been granted the privilege of sailing the high seas without any more piratical presumption on the part of Great Britain."

"I'm satisfied, sir," said the enraged officer, "that my suspicions are correct. You are engaged in some unlawful traffic, sir. I will search your ship, sir, if it takes all the force of Her Majesty's war ships."

"You forgot to put the 'sir' on that last sentence," said the Captain ironically.

The officer, chagrined with his failure to board the ship and smarting under the taunting words of the "Yankee skipper," made no reply, but ordered his men to shove off and give way.

"Cast off the lighters," ordered the Captain, as he watched the custom's boat pull alongside the English war ship. "Let down the out-rigger nets, and

start the dynamo. We will try our own brand of lightning on these lime juicers. They are free traders and admit all commodities free of duty. I want to see how the thing will work, anyway. Then speaking down the tube to the engineer, "Connect the power with the windlass, and let me know when steam is up;" and to Mr. Baker, "We will show these Englishmen a Yankee invention that will make their eyes stick out."

Two well equipped boats put off from the Englishman, with orders to board and search the defiant Yankee. It was soon plain to the Captain that their plan was to attack both gangways simultaneously, thereby weakening his force one-half by dividing it to defend two points of attack at the same time.

The Captain silently watched their maneuvering in a satisfied manner. He gave no orders for the defense of the ship, but all hands were ready for action in case the electric current failed to "repel boarders."

As the boats came up alongside of the wire netting a smile of derision was plainly discernible on the faces of the officers in command of the boats. It appeared an easy task to raise the apparently light and harmless netting, force their boats under and reach the ship. The boats made a small circuit so arranged as to reach the points of attack at the same time. "Cease rowing," was plainly heard by all on board, and the boats, under the way given by the

rowers, shot up side on to the netting, and in true man-of-war style every man seized the live rod holding the netting, and fell back into the bottom of the boat, while the officers and coxswains stood speechless, staring at the apparently dead men.

"Heave ahead!" ordered the Captain, and the heavy chain was rattling around the windlass, and before the astonished officers had recovered from the first shock of their surprise, the ring of the anchor was at the horse pipe. "Full speed ahead," sounded the bell in the engine room, and the propeller, churning the water, threw the spray over the lifeless forms of the sailors who had met a new foe, while the ship gathered way and glided through the smooth water of the harbor at a tremendous rate, leaving the boats rocking gently in her wake. The netting was stowed, and the ship pointed for "The Heads," while the half stupefied English officers stared vaguely at the fast receding Yankee ship which they had failed to search.

"She works like a spirit compass," said the Captain to Mr. Baker, when he came aft after stowing the anchor.

"I wonder if they'll be after us?" queried Mr. Baker, with a serio-comic expression, while taking a farewell look at the vanquished boats, in tow of others sent out from the man-of-war.

"I don't care what they do," replied the Captain, intently watching the English war ship, "if they do

not recover from their surprise in time to signal "The Heads" before we pass. We can't get a current on that fort."

"Was any one killed?" anxiously inquired the Captain's wife.

"O no, our young experimenter in electrical forces, who fitted us out with the lightning machine which was so interesting to the Englishmen, is engaged in missionary work, and fixed the current just right to convert, but not strong enough to kill; which, according to modern science, a shock of electricity is beneficial to the system. I ought to have charged them for treatment," said her husband, laughing heartily.

"I do not see anything to laugh about, neither do I comprehend the necessity of your last act," said his wife reproachfully. "Why could you not have allowed the officers to come on board? We have nothing to conceal. You may need favors from the same men you have had so much fun with. You cannot afford to make enemies."

"Madam, you will not need my professional services after this visit. I notice for the first time symptoms of your complete recovery, but I will drop in occasionally. Shall I forward my bill to your husband?" said the Captain, with the professional air of a physician who had made as many calls as the case would in any way permit. "But really, my dear," he continued, "I had reasons for my actions that the circum-

stances would justify. If the customhouse officers had boarded this ship, I would have been compelled to give them full details of the cruise, which might detain us for weeks, before I could get permission to make war, on my own account, with the natives. Then that English captain would consider our enterprise too hazardous for a private affair, and we would have been compelled to sink his old tub, but we could not pass the fort. The case would become an international question, and we would lay at our moorings until the ship wore out her keel and grounded on our beef bones. Harry would die of old age, having ruled his subjects wisely, and we," winking at Mr. Baker, "would find our dusky grandchildren burning incense to their lamented father, The Great White King." But his wife had retired to her cabin, and did not hear the conclusion of what might have been. "Here we are," continued the Captain, "off the fort, and they have not yet received the news of the great Yankee victory over Her Majesty's war ship, what's her name? Dip the flag, Mr. Baker. I hate to drop the starry to the gridiron, but then it is nothing more than touching one's cap in common politeness, and we had better be civil until we get blue water under our keel."

The salute was promptly answered from the fort, and the next moment ran up an answering penant. The Captain seized his telescope, and, bringing it to

bear onto the English man-of-war, read the International code signal, "Don't permit that American ship to pass the fort."

A puff of smoke, and a shot from the fort crossed the bow. The ship did not round to, and a dozen followed, but they all fell short, and the "Vigilant" was out of range, and there was nothing in the harbor that could catch her. The Captain ran up a signal which read, "Save your shot for closer range." Clear of the harbor, fires were hauled, sail made, and the ship's course laid for Stewart Island.

"What's the matter, Tom?" inquired Jack, as his shipmate lit his pipe and took his seat at the foot of the capstan.

"I's thinkin', Jack," replied Tom, "an' it's hard on er ole un to think, I can't make out what it was what laid out the juicers. I'se putty use ter the ole man, but this last trick knocks me all erback. You's edicated, Jack, can you give er mate er hawser?"

"Don't know's I can, Tom. I seen in the papers that er man in Boston or New York had got the weather gauge of lightnin', an' that he could make it by machinery, but how they send it around the ship an' knock able-bodied sailors down like ten pins, I don't know."

"Does it kill 'em, Jack?" inquired Tom.

"No," replied Jack, "It kind er puts them to sleep for erwhile, an' when they wakes up they are

all right, an' feel better than they did erfore. It cures rumaticks an' drives away ghosts."

"Man an' boy, I've sailed salt water for forty years, an' now I'se goin' to quit. Ole Neptune was right; my day is past. When steam an' lightnin' is interduced to navigation the ole sailor must drop to lu'ard," said old Tom, sorrowfully, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and went below to turn in.

On the morning of the seventh day after leaving Sydney, the island was sighted, steam ordered up, sails snugly furled, and the wire nettings rigged above the rail. The ship under slow speed cautiously approached the land. The Captain nervously walked the bridge with his telescope under his arm, stopping and raising his glass whenever any new object was brought into view as the ship neared the island. His wife, pale and expectant, sat at the end of the bridge, silently watching her husband, anxious to catch the first sign of hope from the expression of his face. The officers and crew, in full sympathy with the bereaved parents, hoping, yet fearing the results of the unique expedition, tried to control their agonizing suspense by extra quids of tobacco, the only solace of the old salt in trouble, and his grief, which is short-lived, can be gauged by the amount of the weed consumed. The ship now close to the island, the Captain was endeavoring to make out the entrance of the little harbor he had entered more than a

year ago. At that time he had approached the island on a different bearing, yet the entrance appeared prominent enough to be easily located from any point of the compass. While the Captain was looking ahead for a break in the uniform coast line, his wife exclaimed in surprise:

"There is the harbor!" pointing two points abaft the beam.

While the harbor was in full view, from the ship, it could not be seen from any point from south around to east, but easily made out from east to north. It was on some bearing between the last two points that the Captain entered the harbor when he followed the natives to their village.

The ship's course was changed, and she was headed for the entrance.

"There don't appear to be any life on this island," said the Captain with a sigh, and a look of keen disappointment.

"I wonder where they are, Frank," said his wife.

"They may have left the island," replied her husband.

"Why should they leave the island?" she inquired in great surprise.

"These savages," replied her husband, "are a migratory people, and like the Arabs are always hunting for greener grass and sweeter water. They have no property interests to hold them, and one island is

as good as another. Then these tribes are continually fighting each other, and they may have been absorbed into a more powerful tribe; but it don't matter, we have come after the heathen, and we will find them."

"We will certainly find Harry," said the Captain's wife in a quiet, determined manner.

"Stand by the anchor," ordered the Captain, then rang slow speed. The ship was now abreast of the village, or where it was, but not a hut was standing nor a canoe in sight.

"Slow astern," rang the bell, and the ship gradually lost her way, remained stationary for a moment, and then gathered sternway.

"Let go the starboard anchor," came the order from the Captain.

A splash! and the spray from the plunge of the huge mass of iron fell in a shower upon the top-gallant forecastle, while the chain rattling through the horse pipe broke the stillness of the desolate harbor and echoed from the distant hills.

"There is no one on this island," said the Captain to Mr. Baker, as the latter came aft and reported the ship at anchor in five fathoms of water, with thirty fathoms of chain clear the hawse.

"It looks that way, sir," replied the officer, with disappointment stamped in every feature.

"Man the boat, Mr. Baker, and go ashore, and

see if you can find any evidence of a fight," said the Captain wearily.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the officer, and in less than two minutes the boat, with ten men, shoved off and pulled for the shore.

In an hour the boat returned, and Mr. Baker reported that the village had been destroyed by some man-of-war, as he found solid shot imbedded in the hillside and fragments of shells among the ruins. As evidence of his assertions he had brought off several pieces of shell and a fifty-pound solid shot.

"Those fellows have been up to some deviltry," said the Captain, examining the shot and fragments of shell, "and have been punished by some war ship that has destroyed their village."

"Have all the savages been killed?" anxiously inquired the Captain's wife.

"No, not one of them; they fled inland, as they did the first time I visited this place."

"Yes," she said sadly, "they may be among those hills over there," pointing to what appeared to be the backbone of the little island.

"I don't think so," said the Captain. "Their boats are gone; they have been frightened, and no doubt have settled on some other island further away from the regular track of ships. Their first experience in civilized warfare was too much for them. We must go back to Sydney."

"I think you are right," said his wife, "but the authorities will make us trouble. O dear! I wish you had been more careful. We may need the services of the men ——"

"I gave electrical treatment free of charge when it would have cost the English government a dollar a head for such service by any regular M. D." interrupted her husband, smiling.

"I don't know what makes you talk so, Frank. You never look to the future," said his wife, wiping her eyes.

"Don't want to," said her husband. "The future is always to be dreaded; but don't cry, little woman, I always get out of my difficulties—with your help, sweetheart."

"What are we going back to Sydney for?" inquired Mr. Baker, in great surprise.

"Why, Mr. Baker," said the Captain, is it possible you are so stupid? You say this village has been destroyed by a man-of-war. Ships of war are not very thick in these waters. The men that we treated to the latest remedial agency known to medical science, are the same who destroyed this city and laid the land desolate. I am going back to Sydney for information."

"Right you are, Captain," said the officer, bringing his fist down on the rail with great force. "Put me on bread and water; my grub is too rich, and it makes more blood than brains, but they'll nab us sure."

"O no they won't; I will be as humble as a new convert. It's rather tough, but there is no help for it. We have lost our reckoning and must get a new departure. But we are losing time. Get under way at once. We will make the circuit of the island and see if there are any signs of canoes. If we cannot find boats, there are no natives."

The ship steamed slowly around the island, but no sign of life was visible. Sail was made, propeller hauled up, and a course shaped for Sydney, all hands greatly disappointed, but not disheartened.

CHAPTER XX.

GOOD NEWS OF HARRY

IT WAS a great surprise to the good people of Sydney when the Yankee "smuggler" steamed into the harbor and headed direct for the gunboat, under full speed. The man-of-war beat to quarters, and cleared the decks for action, for after defying the custom's authorities, man-of-war, and the fort, she had returned to capture the gunboat, and take the city. What other purpose had the daring captain of that mysterious ship for bearding the lion in his den? While the English sailors stood at their guns, and every officer at his station, the captain of the Yankee ship ran up the signal, "I desire to communicate."

"Come on board," was the answering signal.

The ship continued under full speed until nearly abreast of the gunboat, then slowed down, came to a standstill and the gig was lowered. The Captain and his wife entered the boat and were pulled alongside of the Englishman, while the ship was kept under steerageway by steaming slowly around the harbor, just outside of the shipping.

The English naval officer is a gentleman under all circumstances, and this one was no exception to the rule. He received the Captain and his wife with true nautical courtesy, invited them to his cabin and ordered refreshments; but he could not fully conceal his astonishment at the mysterious conduct of the Yankee captain, whose last act was more mystifying to him than the first. The Captain's diplomacy in taking his wife along no doubt relieved the embarrassment of the situation, and made the stolid naval officer more sociable from the start; for men of all grades and classes appear to the best advantage when in the presence of ladies. After the usual formalities the Englishman politely inquired:

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" bowing to the Captain's wife.

The Captain then related the whole story, from the capture of his little boy to that hour; then rising from his seat and nervously pacing the cabin, said in a slow and solemn manner: "I have returned to Sydney, hoping to gain some information about the Stewart Islanders. Relying on the pardon and sympathy of the people whom I apparently treated outrageously, I have entered this port and placed myself at the mercy of the authorities that I so recently defied. I appeal to every father and mother in this city, after knowing the facts, to justify the unlawful act of a father whose only son, a mere babe, the life of his

mother, has been in the power of the Solomon Island cannibals for more than a year."

The hard lines of the English officer softened, while the sympathetic expression of the man and brother stole over his face, as he listened with increasing interest to the Captain's story. When the Captain had finished, he said, drawing his handkerchief across his eyes:

"My long stay on this station has affected my eyes, and they are so weak that I am hardly able to take the altitudes in these tropical regions."

"Yes," replied the Captain, "the bright sunlight reflected from the smooth surface of the water is very trying to the eyes," using his own handkerchief freely, while his wife wondered why men would lie to hide the most manly sentiment they possessed.

"Well, Captain," said the English officer, "I freely forgive you for the trick played on my men. It really did them good and several have declared that they have been cured of the old chronic troubles by that electric battery," laughing heartily; then seriously, "I deeply sympathize with you and your good lady. There is not a father or mother in Sydney who would not rise up in open rebellion against any authority that dared to detain you one moment, or place a straw in your way. I have children of my own, and I would not have stood much on ceremony if one of my boys was among those cannibals; but I think I can help you."

"O can you?" inquired the Captain's wife, rising from her seat and rushing up to the English officer, who again applied his handkerchief, remarking that his eyes troubled him more than usual, since his last cruise among the islands.

"Yes, my dear madam, I can give you information that may assist you in searching for your boy. Two months ago, while cruising among the islands, I learned that a trading schooner becalmed off Stewart Island was attacked by the natives, who murdered the crew, plundered and set fire to the ship. Determined to punish the rascals, I lost no time in reaching their island. You saw the village as it was a year ago or more; it was the finest built native village you will find in a year's cruise, and you know the condition it is in now. But I have no evidence that a single native was injured; they ran to the hills like a flock of frightened sheep, and a regiment of soldiers could not drive them out. I burned their village and destroyed every one of their boats. There were hundreds of them. The Stewart Islanders are famous canoe builders, but they cannot attack ships without boats. You are mistaken about the natives leaving the island, Captain. They are back in the hills, and have not sufficiently recovered from their fright to rebuild their village, but no doubt are preparing another fleet of canoes. The Stewart Islander cannot exist without boats, and until they can provide themselves with

canoes it will be safe for ships to pass their island. I steamed into their snug little harbor early in the morning, and took them by surprise, as I came from the south and the bay don't open up until you are abreast of it. While sweeping my glass around the sandy beach I was very much surprised to notice a little boy, with a large Newfoundland dog, playing in the water, while a slender native girl stood on the shore, intently watching the boy and dog at play. The alarm was given from the village, and the girl rushed into the water and gently took the boy in her arms and carried him to the beach. The dog, and the gentle manner of the native girl so aroused my curiosity that I watched them closely. Standing the boy on the sand, the girl took him by the hand and tried to lead him away, but he would not go without his dog that he was frantically calling 'Tumarkee,' which I presume was the native name of his dog——"

"He was saying 'Tum,' meaning come; and Darkey is the name of his dog," interrupted the Captain's wife, controlling her emotions under the trying ordeal.

"How stupid of me," said the gallant officer; "but not expecting to hear my own language under such circumstances, and the boy some distance away, I did not catch the articulation. The dog swam ashore, shook himself and ran to his little master,

who placed his arm around the dog's neck, took the girl's hand and ran away. Then I noticed for the first time that the boy was not a native, for I could plainly see his long hair tossed about by the wind. I had become so deeply interested in the boy, girl, and dog that for the moment I forgot what I was about, and came near beaching the ship. The villagers were running like rabbits, and out of range of my guns, but I sent a few solid shot after them, and dropped a few shells among the huts, all of which only hastened their mad flight."

"You are sure, Captain, you did not hit the boy?" anxiously inquired the Captain's wife, with tears streaming down her pale face.

"My dear madam, there was not a drop of blood shed by my shots, and I would as soon have thought of firing on my own family, as of pointing a gun in the direction of that boy. There has not been an hour since that morning that I have not thought of the little fellow with his dog among the cannibals, but I never expected to meet his parents."

"Then you think, Captain, that the natives are on the island?" said the Captain's wife.

"I know they are there, madam."

"How do you know?" asked her husband.

"Why, Captain, I destroyed every one of their boats," replied the English officer.

"How stupid! I guess they could not swim to

the next island, and carry their baggage," said the Yankee Captain.

"Captain," said the Englishman, seriously, "how can you hope to rescue your son? Those natives will exterminate your whole ship's company if you attempt to follow them to their lair. You are all right on board of your ship, and could defy all the natives in Australasia with your electric battery, but it will be a different kind of warfare hunting them in their native jungle. I would not attempt it with all the force at my command on this station."

"I don't know," said Captain Willis, reflectively. "The first step was to find out where the boy is. That I have accomplished without a doubt, and if we should reason a plan according to logic on the science of war, this enterprise would end at once; but we will rescue our son; that is all I can say for the present."

"We will certainly find our boy," said the Captain's wife, in such an assuring voice as to cause the English officer to look at her wonderingly; but he remained silent for a moment, and then said:

"There is a white chief, or king, on the Louisiade Islands who has held absolute sway over the whole group for many years, and of late a company of white men have found an asylum on the island, who are his advisers in the formation of a government after the model of civilized nations."

"Who is this white chief?" inquired the Captain.

"Some twenty-five years ago," replied the officer, "an English ship was wrecked on one of the numerous coral reefs surrounding these islands, and all hands perished but this man, who after floating about for several days lashed to a spar, was picked up, apparently dead, by the natives. The party that found him immediately prepared for a feast, and while waiting for the necessary bed of coals, the victim arose, and walking over to the fire, kicked the burning wood about; then seizing a burning brand he chased the frightened natives, who ran to the village, and reported the resurrection of the dead man to their chief. His prestige was established, and from that day he has ruled the islands, although he did not take his title until the old king died. He abolished cannibalism, and has greatly improved the condition of the natives, who are the most intelligent of all the heathen among the islands. They are the bitter enemies of all cannibal tribes, but more especially the Stewart Islanders, whom they despise, and their conflicts bid fair to outrival the Punic wars. You had better call there on your way back; they are friendly to the white man."

"Quite a romance!" remarked the Captain; "sounds like the wild ravings of a novelist; but what about the other white men you spoke about?"

Have they, too, laid the foundation for some future writer to build a harrowing tale that will cause a world-wide sympathy for characters that are created only in the brain of some dreamer?"

"Captain," replied the officer, "how many men are capable of originating one new idea? The mind is not quick to conceive, but fertile in yielding when the seed is planted. No man can write a novel without the seed of fact, which produces according to the soil in which it is planted—but to your question. A year and a half ago a number of convicts, eighteen I think, escaping from New Caledonia in an open boat, met with a severe storm and were driven by the force of the wind upon these islands, and were lucky to fall into such friendly hands."

"They must be Frenchmen," carelessly remarked the Captain, with a knowing look toward his wife.

"Yes," replied the officer, "but I have never met them. When I was at the island the old chief said they were away on a fishing expedition, but I believe the old fellow was telling a falsehood."

"Captain" said the Yankee, with suppressed emotion, "without your information our cruise might have been a failure, but with the location of our boy settled, and the assurance of help from the white king of the Louisiades, we have received new hope and encouragement. Words fail to express our gratitude

but you are a father and can appreciate our feelings."

"I wish I could do more for you," said the kind-hearted officer with much feeling. "Is there nothing more I can do for you, Captain?"

"No, thank you. I am fitted out for two years. If I do not find the boy in that time, I may call upon you," said the Captain, rising, and walking slowly across the cabin. The English Captain immediately arose and led the way on deck.

"Will you kindly signal my ship to come within hail?" said the Captain. "You cannot imagine how much I value time."

"I will not detain you a moment, Captain," replied the Englishman, as he ordered up the signals. As the "*Vigilant*," in response to her call, came up under full speed and slowed down, preparatory to receiving the boat, she was the admiration of officers and sailors on board the gunboat.

"You should feel proud of that ship, Captain; she is a beauty," said the naval officer.

"Yes, she was built for a special purpose, and equipped to meet all contingencies, and there are not natives enough in Australasia to board that ship when the machinery is in good working order," returned the Yankee Captain, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Put on more current when you treat the natives."

said the English officer, dryly. "If you don't, they will come to and fight you with renewed energy of a storage battery well charged."

"I think, Captain, that we treated your men real mean," said the Captain's wife, with a reproachful look at her husband.

"O, no! madam," replied the gallant officer. "Your husband understands the vexatious delays in such matters, and the authorities might have delayed you for a week before they reached the end of their red tape. My duty is to obey orders, and I would have boarded your ship if my men had not been struck by lightning, manufactured to order and on tap. Great Yankee invention, Captain; any thunder to go with it?" laughing heartily.

"Don't forget the Louisiade Islanders, and make a confidant of the king. He can help you more than the whole force of the navy," was the parting injunction of the thoroughly interested Captain of Her Majesty's naval service.

Reaching the deck of his own ship, Captain Willis dipped the stars and stripes, which salute was promptly returned by the man-of-war, followed by three hearty cheers from the English sailors, while the band struck up, "He's a jolly good fellow."

"Full speed ahead," rang the bell in the engine room, and the ship steamed out of the harbor as quietly as she had entered, less than two hours

before. The Captain called all hands aft and related to them his interview with the English Captain. The sailors were delighted to learn that little Harry was seen alive two months before, but surprised to know that the natives were still on the island.

"How can we find the heathen?" inquired Mr. Baker, "and where are we to get men to protect the ship and invade the island?"

"I guess we will not have any trouble to locate their hiding place," replied the Captain, with a knowing look at his wife, who was sitting on the bridge, absently gazing astern. "I don't know just how we shall invade their island, but the boy is alive and we have come after him. We are now bound for the Louisiade Islands, and that is all I can tell you at present. Our return to Sydney was a wise move. We might have spent years cruising from island to island, in the vain endeavor to locate them, but we now know where the boy is, and we will have him. For the present I have no plans, but we must keep moving."

"That we will!" exclaimed every man in chorus, and "Three cheers for the lime juicer!"

The wind being light, the ship was kept under full pressure of steam. The men gathered on the topgallant forecastle and engaged in their usual pastime: smoking their old clay pipes and swapping lies in the shape of long spun yarns.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WHITE KING OF THE LOUSIADES

CALMS and light winds prevailed, and the ship continued on her course under steam until she reached the Louisiade Island. Before the anchor was down the ship was surrounded by the native boats, and by the time she was moored the natives were swarming on deck. The captain, anxious to gain their good will, encouraged them to come on board. They were fine looking, manly fellows, and spoke more or less English. All had something to sell, and the Captain instructed Mr. Baker to trade for everything offered. Calico, beads, tin pans, pipes and tobacco were brought on deck, and the bartering began. The natives never struck a Yankee trading ship before, and were as pleased and excited as so many children enjoying a holiday at a county fair.

While the Captain and his wife were watching the exciting scene on deck, a large boat put off from the shore, and was pulled, with long sweeping strokes, directly for the ship. The boat was manned by natives who were well drilled, and handled their oars

in a true nautical style that would have won admiration from any man-of-war's crew. The Captain recognized the boat at once, but he was more particularly interested in the white man seated in the stern sheets, who maneuvered his boat with the skill of a trained sailor. As he came over the gangway and stepped on deck, all noise and confusion among the natives ceased, and the respectful attitude assumed by the natives assured the Captain that he was face to face with the white chief of the island, who with his six feet of height, broad shoulders and dignified bearing, looked every inch a king. His long residence in the tropics had changed his skin to nearly the same color as that of the natives, but his iron-gray hair and long white beard gave him the venerable and dignified appearance of a patriarch of some Oriental tribe. He greeted the Captain and his wife in a boisterous but cordial manner, pledging eternal friendship, and giving them the freedom of the island; then inquired if his subjects were causing any annoyance.

"No;" replied the Captain, "we are pleased to trade with them. They appear to be a superior class of natives, and I, being a Yankee, must encourage trade to keep up the reputation of the nation."

The chief laughed heartily, well pleased with the Captain's compliment, and motioned to the natives to continue their trading, saying to the Captain, as he followed him to the cabin, "They will know more

about trading when they get through with the Yankees."

The Captain and his wife, anxious to make a good impression on the chief, entertained him in royal style, and by the time he had sampled several brands of liquid refreshments he was ready to divide his kingdom with them. When the Captain stated the object of his visit, and related the circumstances that had led up to his arrival, not forgetting to mention all the good things the English Captain had said of the chief, he was well pleased, both with the praise of the naval officer and the confidential manner in which the Captain treated him. He did not show the least emotion at the recital of the story connected with the lost boy among the cannibals, but on the contrary appeared to be bored, which greatly surprised the Captain's wife, and required a great deal of self-control on her part to conceal her real feelings toward him. She could not comprehend any conditions or environments that would so dull the finer nature of a white man that he could feel no sympathy for the sad fate of her boy. She could not realize that his twenty-five years' association with savages had bereft him of all sentiment and placed him on a level with his savage subjects. But he seemed particularly friendly toward the Captain and his wife.

"Those Solomon Islanders are blarsted dogs, and ought to be wiped off the earth," said the chief, plainly indicating his English origin by his speech. "Come

ashore with me. I want to introduce you to some more white men," rising and leading the way on deck without further ceremony.

The Captain and his wife followed, and entered the boat, which was rapidly pulled ashore. The chief silently led the way to a large hut located in the center of the well constructed village. This structure, which proved to be the council house or national capital, was oblong, with a thatched oval roof, and would hold perhaps a hundred people. Matting covered the floor, and at the further end from the entrance was a rude platform, upon which was a large homemade chair or throne, elaborately carved, and seats of less pretension, methodically arranged on either side. The chief seated himself in the center and invited the Captain to take a seat on his right, and his wife on the left, then turning to the Captain said, "I have sent for the white men on the island, and will introduce them to you. They hold important positions, and have rendered valuable assistance in establishing a new form of government. In ten days I shall hold a council of all the chiefs in the group, to declare war against the blarsted Stewart Island dogs."

The Captain remained silent. This was proceeding with a vengeance. He was not prepared for anything of the kind, and had no desire to spill a drop of blood that was not absolutely necessary. While planning in his mind a diplomatic reply to the chief,

the whole crowd of convicts that he had met more than a year ago, came in and stood before the chief. The Captain and his wife showed no surprise, for they knew whom they were to meet, but the Frenchmen, little changed, started and turned pale, as if their contemplated act of a year before had been realized, and the spirits of their martyred victims had returned to remind them that such villainous treachery could not pass unpunished. The chief, noticing their embarrassment, inquired of the Captain if he had met them before.

"Yes," replied the Captain slowly, "I had the pleasure of providing these men with provisions and water the night before the storm that drove them to your friendly island, and," with an appreciative glance at the chief, "the elements were kind to place these unfortunates under your fatherly care, after their perilous adventure."

Louis's face brightened, for he understood English, and his companions taking courage from the hopeful expression of his countenance, felt more at ease.

The Captain was assured, by this little incident, that the rough, uneducated sailor king, half civilized, half savage, would not for a moment approve of such a cowardly act as that of which these men were guilty. It was the fear of an exposure of their crime that so frightened them, but when they felt it was not the intention of the Captain to accuse

them, they took courage and calmly awaited further developments. Addressing the chief, the Captain said, in a calculating manner, "It will take ten days for you to prepare for the great council of chiefs, and such a grave question for the council to consider will occupy several days more, and it will be more than a month before your warriors are ready to eat up the Stewart Islanders. I am in a great hurry and must be moving. If you will permit me," bowing to the chief, "to take these white men, and furnish me with a bright native interpreter, I will undertake the rescue of the boy. You can declare war and have your soldiers ready for transportation upon my return, if I should fail to accomplish my mission."

The chief smiled in a maudlin manner, and said, "Whatever you want, Captain, you shall have, but I will call the council and declare war, and be ready to eat them up when you call for reinforcements. They are dogs, and you will have to fight them to get your boy."

Thanking the chief for his kindness and generosity, the Captain asked permission to talk with the Frenchmen in their own tongue.

"Certainly, Captain," replied the chief drowsily. "Just command anything you want in this group of islands."

The Captain then related to the Frenchmen the

object of his cruise, and greatly surprised them by asking for their assistance in the hazardous undertaking of the rescue of his boy.

"How can you trust us," inquired Louis, with a puzzled expression, "after what you know of my companions?"

"Your companions," quietly replied the Captain, "are not so bad. Self-preservation is the first law of nature and the 'survival of the fittest,' which means the strongest, is the demonstration of that law. Their crime was what they considered an act of necessity. They were mistaken, and errors have been committed since creation dawned, and will continue while time shall last. I have never done you any harm, but have twice spared your lives. You have nothing to gain by treachery, and I may be able to render you still greater service."

"Captain," said Louis, with great emotion, while his companions were equally agitated, "accept our heartfelt thanks for giving us the opportunity to show our gratitude for your leniency under great provocation, and to prove our appreciation of that divine mercy manifested by your angel wife;" then to his comrades, "What say you?" and without answer continued, "We will follow the Captain and his wife to the death, if necessary." Then each man raised his right hand, and repeated solemnly after Louis, "We pledge our honor and our lives to the

rescue of heir boy, and may God deal with us as we deal with them."

"Thank you," was all the Captain said in reply to the emphatic pledge of the Frenchmen, while his wife wiped the tears from her eyes, making no allusions to the fact that the sun, in tropical regions, affects the eyes.

"When can you be ready to start?" quietly asked the Captain.

"At once, sir. We have no home ties," said Louis, sadly.

The Captain turned to the chief and was surprised to find him fast asleep in all his royal glory.

"He would not have dared to sleep on duty while he was a sailor, but he is a king now, and who shall prescribe his hours of repose?" said the Captain, smiling. "He has plenty of time to sleep, while we are in a hurry, and he has promised me an interpreter. I am not lord of the bedchamber, and have no authority to disturb the slumber of His Majesty, but there is no alternative."

The chief was really a jolly fellow, and did not resent the audacity of the Captain in arousing him, with as little ceremony as if he had been a common sailor, but woke up good-natured, and thought he must be dreaming when the Captain told him he was ready to start for Stewart Island, and that he was only waiting for the promised interpreter.

"O, he will be ready tomorrow, or next day, or some time," said the king, unable to comprehend the anxiety of the Captain to get away at the earliest possible moment.

"I shall leave this island within an hour, whether you provide me with an interpreter or not," replied the Captain, decisively.

"All right, Captain," said the king graciously, "I'll divide the kingdom with you if you just say the word;" then to Louis, "Pick out any man or number of men you want, and if he, or they, don't march straight to the boat without looking back, report the same to me at once. I have not forgotten all ship discipline yet, eh Captain? if I have been laid up in ordinary for the last twenty-five years."

The chief insisted upon taking the Captain on board in the royal barge, and caused no little delay by putting his men through all the evolutions pertaining to a well drilled boat's crew; and not until he had exhausted evolutions and men did he pull alongside of the ship.

But the king did not seem inclined to leave his new found friends. The Captain had given him a list of everything he had on board for trade, and invited him to order whatever he wanted. His boat lay alongside loaded to the gunwales, but how to get him ashore without giving offense was a delicate question. The king was beginning to feel the serious effect of his

conviviality, growing more gracious and friendly ; but after shaking hands with each man on board for the twentieth time, and dividing his kingdom with the Captain between shakes, he was safely landed on top of his boatload of goods, to the relief of all on board. The last words to reach the ears of those on board were, "Call council,—hic,—ten days,—hic—; clare war,—hic—; eat up—hic—Stewar' lan' 'ogs." The ship was under way and steaming for Stewart Island before the king reached the shore.

"He is really a good fellow," said Louis, as he stood on the bridge beside the Captain, watching the king, while his faithful subjects raised him from the boat and carried him to his palace.

"I have seen ample proof of that," replied the Captain. "Associations, environments and climatic influences have everything to do with our lives. I doubt if any of us would do much better under such circumstances. Twenty-five years among savages don't improve the white man, if he does improve the savage, which is questionable."

The sailors were greatly surprised to see their old enemies, the Frenchmen, on board again, and a lively dispute concerning the wisdom of taking the "cut-throats" along was cut short by old Tom, who said, authoritatively.

"Belay there, mates, an' clap er stopper on your jaw tackle. When the ole man wants advice from us

he'll ask for it. If you fellows thinks you can run this venture better'n he can, you had better try for the berth. The ole man knows the main brace from the fore to-bolin, an' so duz Missus; an', mates, you knows she's allus right."

The Captain provided quarters for the Frenchmen, but took Louis into his own cabin, a favor that was fully appreciated by Louis and his comrades.

"We have led rather an indolent life on the island," said Louis in answer to a question as to how they had passed their time since landing, "but it was better than a prison. The king showed us all the consideration of honored guests, and tried to make our stay pleasant. He is quite a genius in his own way, and his subjects are justly proud of their white chief. Our boat is the pride of his life," continued Louis, sadly, "and he, having been a sailor, knows how to drill a boat's crew, which he is very fond of showing off on every occasion."

"Did you intend to pass the remainder of your lives on the island?" inquired the Captain.

"Yes," said Louis thoughtfully, "we are outlaws, and where could we go? The storm that forced us away from civilization drove all hope from our hearts, and we were reconciled to our fate, until hope again revived when we learned the object of your voyage."

"Have any ships visited the island during your stay?" inquired the Captain.

“An English man-of-war and your ship were the only visitors, and we were not anxious to show ourselves to the officers of any war ship,” said Louis with a curl of the lip, watching the island astern as it came into view, when the ship rose on the crest of a swell.

CHAPTER XXII.

LOCATING THE CANNIBALS

ON THE morning of the second day after leaving the Louisiades, the ship steamed again into the harbor of Stewart Island and came to anchor. The same air of desolation pervaded the island as before, but somewhere among the hills the natives were hiding, and their location must be found. After a consultation with Mr. Baker and Louis, the Captain decided to land twelve of his own men with the eighteen Frenchmen, and the native interpreter, under command of Louis. This would furnish Louis with thirty-one men for his expedition, and leave a full working crew for the ship; and in case of capture of the land party, the Captain was to proceed with all dispatch to the Louisiade Islands for the reinforcements already provided for, and make war on the islanders.

The Captain desired to treat the natives diplomatically. His plan was to locate the savages, communicate with them if possible, and gain possession of the boy by giving them any ransom they might demand. Louis and his companions had served in the armies of France, and as for his own men, the Captain knew

they had rather fight than to "Splice the main brace," and he was fearful lest their fighting propensities would defeat the very object he was trying to accomplish. He explained to the men and officers the importance of great caution and diplomacy, "for," he said impressively, "a failure to treat with the savages means war to the death. My boy is in their power, and if we should exterminate the whole tribe the last survivor might kill the boy as his dying act."

The Louisiade interpreter whom the sailors had already, with nautical ceremonies, christened "Yellow Jack," because of the color of his skin, was a bright, intelligent fellow, but the bitter enemy of those with whom the Captain was anxious to negotiate, and must depend upon him for proper and correct translations. He was given explicit instructions by the Captain, and placed under special charge of Louis, whom he had served with the fidelity of a faithful dog during his stay in the Louisiades.

The Captain was satisfied that the presence of his ship in the harbor was known to the savages, and closely watched from the hills. No move was made during the day that would arouse the least suspicion of hostilities, to any one attempting to ascertain the mission of the ship. The boats made several trips ashore to give the impression, to any spying savage, that she was a peaceful merchantman, and had called to fill water and gather a few cocoanuts; but after dark, the

innocent looking merchantman was, as if by magic, transformed into the most terrible fighting machine afloat, and the quiet, inoffensive sailors into determined fighting men, who had never been defeated on land or sea. The outrigging nets were swung out and the wire nettings triced up, while the dynamo was ready to send a deadly current around the circuit of the ship. Under cover of darkness, Louis and his men, well armed and with two days' rations, quietly left the ship. The Captain prepared to remain on deck during night, while his wife, without showing any unusual anxiety, retired early to her cabin.

The island was small, and the location of the savages, could not be more than five miles away, and if everything worked favorable the expedition was expected to return the next day. If the party fell into the hands of the savages, Louis was to signal by rockets, with which he was provided, according to a code arranged by the Captain. No signals were to be made, under any circumstances, on the first night, for fear of alarming the natives. The ship was to remain until the party returned, or signified their capture by the display of rockets, which no doubt would have amused the natives, while giving information to the Captain. The first rocket that pierced the darkness of the second night of the departure of Louis from the ship would have been the signal for the Captain to proceed to the Louisiade Island, take on board all

the native warriors his ship could carry, return, attack the Stewart Islanders, and take the consequences.

"I wish I could have gone with the party," said Mr. Baker, as he joined the Captain on the bridge. "This suspense is worse than taking the chances of capture, and of being served up rare or well done, according to taste. I've chewed a pound of navy to-night."

"I would rather be with them myself," replied the Captain; "but everything depends upon the ship, and we can't take any chances; but I don't think there will be much trouble if we can make the heathen understand that all we want is a five-year-old boy, who can't be worth so much to them as I am ready to pay for him. If they are like most natives, they had rather trade than fight, especially after the lesson taught them by the English man-of-war."

"I guess they will confine themselves more closely to a vegetable diet for a while," said Mr. Baker, taking a fresh quid of tobacco as he left the bridge and hunted around decks to find something that would direct his thoughts into a more pleasant channel.

The long, long night wore on, and daylight found the Captain wearily pacing the bridge. The crew turned to and performed their regular routine work of washing decks, cleaning brass work, and squaring the yards by lifts and braces, but the Captain, as if in a trance, continued his walking backward and

forward across the bridge, totally oblivious to the bustling scene around him.

"What time do you look for the men to return?" inquired the Captain's wife, as she came on deck to take a cup of coffee with her husband. The Captain started as if just awakened from a sound sleep, and looking around caught the anxious look of his wife.

"I believe I have been asleep;" and then to Mr. Baker, "Have I been sleeping?"

"No, sir, you have been walking the bridge all night," replied Mr. Baker, with a puzzled look at the Captain.

"Then I have walked while asleep, for I do not remember when the hands turned to," said the Captain, carelessly; "but to your question, my dear. If Louis succeeds in negotiating with the natives, the party will be in this afternoon. If he has placed himself in their power under pretense of arranging the ransom, all will depend upon the good faith of the savages. If they are ambushed and captured, we will have a fight on our hands that will end only when we or the heathen are exterminated. We have come after the boy, and we either take him away or stay here with him."

A determined look and compression of the lips were the only visible indications that the Captain's wife heard the remarks of her husband, as she quietly

sipped her coffee and occasionally glanced toward the distant hills.

"She's ashamed to stay up any longer," said old Tom, as the sun finally hid herself behind the island, and ended the longest and most anxious day of his life.

"I don't want another day like this," said Jack. "It beats the long day that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still."

"What ship was he on, mate?" inquired old Tom, innocently.

"What ship was he on," repeated Jack contemptuously. "He was no sailor, but was bossin' er lot of lubbers, an' wanted more time, so he just told the sun to stan' still, an' she stood, while he knocked the tar out of the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. You had better read your bible. But say, Tom, did you hear the ole man say he was asleep all the time we was washin' decks this mornin', an' we sees him walkin' the bridge all the time?"

"Nothin' out the ordinary," said Tom, with an air of superiority; "when you've sailed salt water for forty years you'll know suthin'," this by way of evening up on Joshua. "My chum, Jim, we uster call him, allus went to sleep walkin', an' you couldn't tell he was asleep. He'd walk the foc'sle like er marine on duty, an' at reg'lar times he'd walk over an' look up to see if the lights was burnin'. Poor Jim," wiping his

eyes, "one of them new-fangled sawbones got hold of him an' put him to sleep, an' told him not to wake till he was called, an' Jim allus 'beyed orders. Sawbones was killed by a runaway horse less'n hour, an' left Jim to sleep, an' nobody else could wake him up. He had to 'bey orders."

"How did he get erwake," inquired Jack sneeringly, "if nobody could wake him?"

"Never did wake up, an' has been er sleep for more'n twenty years," said Tom solemnly.

"Think any one can stow away that yarn?" inquired Jack impatiently.

"'Bout's snug as the one you spun with the jawbone of an ass," said old Tom, winking at his mates as he struck a match and settled down for a smoke.

Night came on, and no sign of the men. 'The Captain, losing all hope of their return, ordered up steam and anxiously waited, dreading the signal that would send him back to the *Louisiades* for men to begin a savage war which meant death to many, perhaps to his boy or himself and wife, without accomplishing the task for which they had spent their fortunes, and were risking their lives.

"I guess the cannibals have got them in tow," said the Captain sadly, falling into a seat and covering his face with his hands; then he gave a start of glad surprise and sprang from his seat as he distinctly heard a long, low whistle.

Mr. Baker sprang from the bridge, Tom stopped short in the most exciting part of a blood-curdling ghost story, and, together with his awe-stricken auditors, rushed for the boat, for every one on board knew the whistle of their shipmate, Billie. The crew tumbled into the boat and pulled ashore, leaving a luminous wake, like a fiery path, from the ship to the beach, while the regular strokes of the oars, breaking the water in equal spaces, gave it the appearance of a huge illuminated centipede.

The boat returned in a few minutes, but to the anxious watchers on board the ship, seemed as many hours. Louis, followed by Billie, was the first to reach the deck, and to the imploring look of the Captain's wife, the former said:

"Madam, your boy will be in your arms before morning."

She did not scream nor faint, but without a word, turned and went below.

"Follow your mistress, Mary," said the Captain, "but do not disturb her unless she calls you." He understood his wife, and knew she wanted to be alone, but he felt more at ease to have Mary within call, as she was greatly attached to her mistress, and possessed that happy faculty of being near and not annoying, companionable but not a companion.

The mother felt sure of seeing her boy as Louis had promised, and did not care for any particulars.

They had all returned safe, and she had no curiosity to learn of their adventure. There had been no loss of life. The long period of agony and suspense was apparently nearing its end, and that was all she cared about. The boy was still in the power of the savages, but she believed the statement of Louis. She could not talk, not even with her husband; she wanted to be alone. Not so with the Captain. He wanted to learn all the particulars, and then reason on the possibilities of success or failure. He firmly believed in the intuitional perceptions of his wife, but, man-like, thought he could, by his own judgment, greatly assist in the fulfillment of the decree already gone forth. He did not realize his correlation with the great thought energy that was intensifying and creating a force that no physical power could resist and which would materialize the mental vision first perceived by a more receptive mind than his own.

"We followed the well-beaten path for two hours," said Louis, "when it ended as abruptly as if the end had been cut off and thrown away; but as we were near the crest of the hill, we pushed on and reached it without much difficulty. Here was our second surprise. We suddenly emerged from darkness into a full glare of light, which barely saved us from walking over a precipice. We dropped to the ground and quietly crawled back into the shadow, to escape

the observation of the natives, and to study the location, which has the appearance of the vast crater of a volcanic mountain, nearly a mile in diameter; but unlike any other extinct volcano, the crater is nearly filled with a table land, covered with vegetation, rising about forty feet from its base, with nearly perpendicular sides. Between this singular formation and the mountain proper is a chasm, with precipitous sides, and as far as I could discern, this natural moat encircled the habitation of the natives as completely as that of any fortified town of olden time, and only required the drawbridge and portcullis to reproduce on this island the famous strongholds of the Middle Ages. The elevation must have the same appearance from any point of view as it does from the ship, and no one would ever imagine that inside of that ordinary looking mountain is a natural fortress, capable of sustaining the whole population of the island, and so secure that it would require an army and the best engineering skill to invade it."

"You are correct," interrupted the Captain, "we made the circuit of the island, and from every point it presents the same appearance. I came to the conclusion that it was the one hill of the island, and I wasn't so far out of the way when I told the English Captain that the natives were not on the island, but I did not know that the mountain was hollow."

"Hundreds of small fires were burning," continued Louis, "and the place was as light as a city street. The whole surface was covered with naked savages, who were singing and dancing, happy and contented. I saw your little boy and his great black dog, closely attended by a bright native girl, who kept away from the crowd and took no part in the dance, but seemed to care for nothing but the boy, who divided his time and affection between the girl and his dog. The chasm was between us and the natives, and as we kept just outside of the light we had no fears of an attack or detection. They make no fires in the day, for the smoke would reveal their retreat. At night the smoke cannot be seen, and the hill hides the fires.

"Yellow Jack took great interest in the girl with the boy, and watched her every motion like a hawk, and as she turned in the full light of the fire, he touched my arm and said, 'That is my sister, whom the gods have spared,' and fell on his face and gave thanks to his deity: I knew Yellow Jack well enough not to disturb him, so I watched the girl with greater interest. The boy, tired of playing with his dog, went up to the girl and held out his hands. She took the little fellow in her arms, lovingly and tenderly as a mother, while the dog lay down at her feet, with his head between his paws and his eyes fixed on his little master. Captain," with a break in his voice, "my heart went out to that boy, and if it had not been for the chasm I fear I

should have been imprudent enough to have rushed in and seized the boy and taken the consequences."

"Your cooler judgment would have prevailed before you had committed such a rash act," said the Captain, in a voice that betrayed his own feelings.

"When Yellow Jack had finished his devotion," continued Louis, "he rose and gave a peculiar note of a bird I have heard on the Louisiade Islands, but nowhere else.

"The girl gave a glad cry of surprise, and looked around with much apprehension, as if fearing the natives had noticed the whistle, but they continued their dance, which apparently satisfied the girl. She began to sway gently to and fro, singing a low, sweet melody, as if to lull the child to sleep. Yellow Jack listened until she had finished the song, then said, 'She come when dogs sleep.'

"'Nonsense,' I exclaimed, out of patience with his stoicism, 'How could she tell you that she was coming to meet you, and those around her not hear it?' Yellow Jack laughed low and said, 'I thought white man smart. The islanders know something.' 'Did she know you?' I inquired. 'Yes,' he replied, 'that is our family call.' Then it occurred to me that each family of the Louisiades has a call, or signal of its own. 'She sang,' continued Yellow Jack, 'the history of our tribe and family in the language of the Louisiades, which the dogs of Stewart

Island don't understand; they can't talk,' he said contemptuously, 'but make a noise like monkeys. She sang of the great chiefs and the white king, of our father and mother, and when we played together on the sand, and in the water; when she went away from the island as a servant to a captain's wife three years ago; how the dogs killed the captain, his wife, and all on board but my sister, and fired the ship. She sang the story of the white boy in her arms, and how she loved him; that the natives were afraid of the ship in the bay and were watching her movements. At the conclusion of each subject of her story she sang the refrain, "I come, Louisiade, I come." I inquired how he knew she would come when they sleep. 'She can't come when they are awake,' was his logical answer. Then he rolled in the brush to stifle his laughter at his superiority over the white man, and the joy of soon seeing his sister, for the Louisiade Islanders are very affectionate in their family relations. I knew that Yellow Jack was telling the truth, but could not realize that we had a friend in the camp of the enemy, who was a captive and as eager to escape as we were to rescue the boy. I could not comprehend the changed condition which made that natural fortress no more of an obstacle to success than a castle of straw. It was too good to be true, and I was afraid that the girl would not come as promised

by Yellow Jack. We waited and watched until the last ember of their fires faded away, and my bright vision of success, and castle of straw was growing dim, when to my great joy and surprise, she stood before us in all her native grace. The direction from which she came is a mystery; she may have risen out of the earth for all I know. Not the rustle of a leaf or the breaking of a twig to herald her coming. But there she stood like the spirit of the night. The meeting between the savage brother and sister was very affectionate, and after their native congratulations, Yellow Jack told her the mission of the ship in the harbor, and that the boy's mother was on board, dying of grief, and that on the morrow he and his companions would visit the chief and offer a ransom for the boy. She said the chief would not accept a ransom; that the boy had been adopted after the custom of the tribe, and was to be chief when he was grown. Yellow Jack told her that the white king of the Louisiades had promised to help the Captain, and that he would send his warriors and eat up the Stewart Island dogs. To this she replied that the people would laugh at any force of native warriors sent against them, but they were afraid of the big guns of a war ship. 'You will all be captured,' she continued, 'if you go to the tribe. Go back, and I will be on the beach by the ship with the boy and dog before the light breaks

in the east.' This, Captain, is the substance of what Yellow Jack related to me in his broken English, after more than an hour's talk with his sister in their own language. We did not get back until after daylight, and fearing the natives might be watching, we took no chances, but concealed ourselves in full sight of the ship, where we have been all day."

"Do you think your sister will surely come, Jack?" inquired the Captain.

"No catch her, she come," replied Jack.

"And if they catch her, then what?" inquired the Captain, adding, "which they most likely will."

"We eat 'em up," said Yellow Jack, with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HARRY RESCUED

THE Captain was not so much elated over the unexpected turn of affairs, as the enthusiastic Frenchman. Negotiations for the peaceful possession of the boy by ransom was out of the question, and he must wait for the success or failure of a plan that, to him, appeared to depend wholly upon chance. The girl's intention to escape with the boy might even now have been discovered, and the mission of the ship in the harbor already revealed, which would put the natives on the defensive.

"Where did the girl go after talking with you?" inquired the Captain.

Louis started with surprise and replied, "I don't know. It did not appear strange at the time, but now when I come to think of it, she disappeared as mysteriously as she came."

"There are two points in your report that puzzle me," said the Captain. "The sudden appearance and disappearance of the girl, and the abrupt termination

of the trail which was so well defined to a certain point. What was the nature of the ground?"

"The trail," said Louis, "was as easy to follow as a public highway, until we ran up against the square face of a rock overhung with vegetation of some kind. Some of the party turned to the right, the rest to the left; the night was starlight but we could not discover any path, and as both parties met a little farther up the mountain, we did not hunt any longer for the trail, but picked our way up to the top. Daylight might reveal the divergence of the path which could not be easily traced in the night. As for the girl, we were watching for her coming, and looking across the chasm when she came up from somewhere behind us. She was talking with her brother a little way from me, and as I relied upon him for all the information she could give, I was not watching them very closely."

"How did your sister cross the chasm, Jack?" inquired the Captain.

"She come through big hole," replied the interpreter.

"Do you know where the big hole is?"

"Can find it when look."

"Was the hole at the end of the path?" inquired Louis, earnestly.

"Must look find hole," said Yellow Jack, in an exasperating manner.

Threats, coaxing, and bribing proved unavailing ; the Captain could gain no further information from Yellow Jack.

"How near can we lay to the shore, Mr. Baker, and keep the ship afloat?" inquired the Captain.

"We can lay her alongside of the bank, sir," replied Mr. Baker.

"Heave ahead, then, and moor alongside. As the whole business of rescue has been taken out of our hands, and the only information we have to go by is the few monosyllables of a stoical savage, we will make it as easy as possible for the girl to get on board with the boy if she succeeds in reaching the landing, and guard against all possible failures at this end of the line. If the girl should be discovered in her attempt to escape, or missed before she arrived here, the whole tribe will give chase, and I had rather take chances with our lightning machine than with a hand to hand fight on the beach."

The ship was moored alongside of the bank, with a single hawser ashore from the bow, and another from the quarter, while kedges were carried out to sea from the opposite quarter and bow. Steam was ordered up and the outrigger net lowered waist high over the bank, with the current ready to be turned on.

Louis, with his force increased to forty men, was ordered back to the end of the trail and to lose no time in reaching it; and if Yellow Jack did not find

the entrance to the retreat of the savages in five minutes, Louis was further instructed to shoot him on the spot. The Captain was convinced that Yellow Jack knew the location of the secret passage, and would not reveal it; not because of disloyalty to the Captain, but he really believed that he and his sister could manage the escape far better than the white men, and, like all ignorant people, whether civilized or savage, it was useless to reason with him. While the Captain appreciated the native cunning of the savage, he knew that to gain possession of the entrance of their stronghold was to hold the key to the situation. This plan, carefully studied by himself and Louis, would not interfere with the escape of the native girl and his boy, but might assist them at a critical moment. If the girl failed, he could leave a force strong enough to hold the passage until he could make the trip to the Louisiades and return with re-enforcements. The Captain had full confidence in Louis, and realized that his military training and active service in the army of France made him an invaluable aid in an emergency of this nature, and was certain that under his leadership the Louisiade Islanders could drive the savages from their natural fortress.

While these plans, formulated by men of a superior race, were being executed, the native girl, alone and among enemies, with her natural intuition and native cunning, was working out her plan, to make good the

promise given to Louis through Yellow Jack. When she reached her cabin, after the visit to her brother, she found it empty: the boy she left asleep under the protection of Darkey was gone, and the dog also was missing. She did not, like her white sisters, give way to grief, but set to work to outwit the savages, who had taken advantage of her absence to hide the boy. It was evident that the suspicions of the natives had been aroused, and the fact that they had taken the boy away proved that they mistrusted the girl and surmised the mission of the ship in the harbor. How much they really did know of the facts will never be ascertained. The next day she visited the old chief, who treated her kindly, but significantly said that the boy would be returned to her after the ship left the island. The primitive man is of few words, and she left his presence no wiser than when she entered it. She accepted the situation with the usual stoicism of the native, but she would steal away from the village after midnight, go to the ship and report the situation, and then return; for she would never leave the boy if she remained a captive for life. Silently and sadly, while the natives were sleeping, she left her cabin to perform what she felt was her duty: inform the boy's mother and father that she had failed, through no fault of hers, to bring the boy to the ship as she had promised, and above all things desired. She had nearly reached the entrance to the well-worn stairway, cut out

of the solid rock, which leads to the underground passage, forming the only means of transit from and to this unique habitation, when the breaking of a twig caused her to stop and, after the method of natives, drop to the ground to listen. While in this listening attitude she felt a warm breath on her cheek, and looking up saw the shaggy form of Darkey. The poor girl suppressed a cry of joy, and threw her arms around the noble dog. "Where is your master?" whispered the girl. At this the dog started off as silently and cautiously as if he understood the situation and that everything depended upon his behavior, and led the way, followed by the girl, through the village and straight up to a hut on the opposite side of the table-land. The girl cautiously approached the hut and looked in, while Darkey stood quietly watching her. On the ground lay the boy fast asleep, and not far away an old woman, watching over him. The girl waited until the old woman fell asleep; then like a fairy she entered the hut, and taking the boy gently in her arms, glided out without awakening the boy or the old woman. Swiftly and silently she passed again through the sleeping village and reached the stairway. A sentry abruptly ordered the girl back, snatching the boy out of her arms. Darkey flew at his throat, which caused him to drop the boy. Quick as a flash, the girl caught up the little fellow, rushed for the entrance, down the stone steps, and along the dark passage. She could hear the alarm and the war cry of



QUICK AS A FLASH. THE GIRL CAUGHT UP THE LITTLE FELLOW,
RUSHED FOR THE ENTRANCE, DOWN THE STONE STEPS,
AND ALONG THE DARK PASSAGE.

the tribe, and knew that her escape had been discovered, and that her safety depended upon her strength. With many a bruise and fall, she struggled along the dark passage. The boy and dog seemed to comprehend the situation, for neither made the least noise, while Darkey displayed the intelligence of a human being. Always close to the girl, he appeared to sympathize with her in her noble effort to escape; when she would fall, the grand brute would lick her hand or face, and pull at her dress as if to encourage her to keep on. She could hear the yells of the savages behind her, and the flare of their torches of burning wood was already casting her own shadow. She was now, by the light of her pursuers, making better progress, and displaying the nerve of a savage running the gauntlet; but with the boy in her arms and the great waste of energy in the darkness at the beginning, the effort was telling on her. She would reach the mountain entrance, then what? With a fair start, even with the extra weight of the boy, she could have won on the five-mile race from the entrance to the ship, for the Louisiade Islanders are the most famous runners of all the natives in Australasia. But her pursuers were fresh, and the chances were against her. The savages gradually gained on her, and when she emerged from the long dark tunnel, the fastest runner of the tribe was so close that Darkey attacked him, and dog and savage rolled on the ground in front of the entrance; while forty men, with gleaming rifles, took up their

stations in front of the opening that led to the stronghold of the Stewart Islanders, and were masters of the situation as long as they cared to stay; but how were they to get away?

"The sun was up over the foreyard, as the sailors express it, to indicate the time, nine or ten o'clock, and no sign of the rescue party. The Captain had paced the deck all night, and now, with unsteady steps, was keeping up his monotonous tramp.

"They will surely rescue Harry," said the Captain's wife, as if trying to encourage her husband.

"Hadn't we better send out a gang to find out what's the trouble?" inquired Mr. Baker, as he came on the bridge and joined the Captain in his weary march.

"No," replied the Captain, "we have no more men to spare; we must not cripple the ship. Louis can hold that entrance any length of time; we shall hear from him before night."

"That's true, Captain, but I've been thinking if the situation is what we think, it will be no trouble to keep the heathen in the hole, but as soon as our men start for the ship, the savages will pour out like the water through the bow port of a Merrimichi lumberman. It will be a race between sailor and savage, and a sailor is no tea-clipper on land."

"You are right, Mr. Baker," said the Captain, "but you must not forget that Louis and his com-

rades are all trained in the science of war, and as for men," with a gleam of pride in his eyes, "they are not much for running, but he never commanded such fighters."

"True, Captain, but this hain't civili——"

"By the Great Neptune, and all the little gods, ther's Darkey!" shrieked Mr. Baker, wild with excitement as he pointed with unsteady hand toward the ruined village.

"Yes," said the Captain in a hollow voice, hardly above a whisper; then looking through his glass, "and Yellow Jack—the girl—and the boy, and in no more of a hurry than if they were out for a stroll. I will trice up that yellow heathen when he gets aboard, as a punishment for his audacious coolness. Why don't they move?"

"Why, my dear," said his wife quietly, "can you not see that they are running?"

The Captain looked at his wife in amazement, but the hollow eyes and livid lips revealed the intense emotion which she was suppressing.

"Trice up the starboard netting," ordered Mr. Baker, as Yellow Jack, who was a little in advance of his sister, neared the ship.

"Lower away," was the next order, as Darkey, the last to pass under the deadly wire, sprang on deck and gave a joyous bark.

The mother hysterically grasped her boy and rushed

to her cabin, followed by Mary, the native, girl and Darkey, who would not leave his little master. The father looked on as if doubting the reality of the scene, but arousing himself, he glared at Jack, who stood on the deck below the bridge, expressionless as a bronze statue.

"Why don't you speak, you yellow heathen? Where is Louis and the men?"

"A volley of musketry and the yelling savages answered the question before Yellow Jack could say "He come."

Louis and his men had emerged from the narrow trail, and covered about half the distance across the clearing, where once stood the native village. The savages, who had followed at a safe distance were compelled, by the impregnable growth of vegetation forming natural walls on both sides, to keep the narrow path, now pouring out of the narrow passage and rapidly spreading out on each side, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the white men and prevent them from reaching the ship. It was to check these extending arms which threatened to enfold them that the first volley was fired. This volley did not check the savages, who, with a yell of defiance, gradually closed in on the little company, while extending their wings. This maneuver was well planned and quickly executed, and would have proved disastrous to the little band of sailors but for two well-directed shots from the ship,

which astonished the natives. Louis, taking advantage of their confusion, made a dash for the ship, but the savages, recovering from their surprise upon seeing their prey escaping, dashed forward in a solid body, on a line with the retreating party and ship. The natives gained rapidly on the sailors, and Louis, realizing that he could not reach the ship before the cannibals would be upon them, ordered his little company to halt. Every man obeyed, and faced the enemy, who checked their mad rush and came to a standstill within three hundred yards of the white men, who were about two hundred yards from the ship. From the bridge the Captain was anxiously watching the fight, but was powerless to aid the retreating party, for after the two shots that enabled Louis to reach the position he now held, the Captain could not use his guns without danger to his own men. But how was he to master this critical situation and relieve his men? The natives were a thousand strong, held at bay by dread of the forty rifles in the hands of the men facing them. How long would this passive condition continue? A word from some bold leader, or even an accident, would break the spell, and set in motion that body of wild men, who, when once started, would sweep on like an avalanche, crushing everything in their course, until they reached the ship. Louis's men could fire but one volley, and if every rifle shot found its victim, what were forty men

more or less to that multitude, constantly increasing?

The Captain hailed Louis through his speaking trumpet, "When I drop my trumpet, every man fall to the ground; in the panic that follows my shots, make a dash for the ship, and don't face them again, if they follow you on board! Are you ready, Mr. Baker?"

"All ready, sir."

The Captain dashed his trumpet on the deck and ordered "Fire!" The four guns, loaded with grape and canister, belched forth their death-dealing charges. Before the smoke cleared away, the men were rushing on board, with the yelling savages in hot pursuit.

"Stand by to lower away the netting," ordered the Captain, anxiously watching the race between his men and the infuriated savages, and realizing that it would be a close finish.

"Lower away!" shouted the Captain, as the last man passed under the raised netting and sprang on deck. "Cut the hawsers——"

"Full speed ahead," rang the bell in the engine room, and the propeller was churning the water, with the ship straining at the hawsers, which the men, with well directed blows, quickly severed. The ship sagged a little from the bank, but before she could gather headway the foremost savages, yelling with baffled rage, threw themselves upon the charged rod

supporting the netting, thinking to tear it away and reach the deck, while their comrades in the rear rushed on, crowding them over the netting until the narrow space between the shore and ship was filled with writhing, helpless cannibals, who were prostrated by the shock of the electric current, or bruised and drowning by falling over each other, and held under water by the great wild crowd forced over the bank. In a moment the great ship, freed from her hawsers, glided away from the bank, homeward bound, leaving hundreds of yellow, lifeless forms stretched on the beach, and floating in the water, while their awe-stricken tribesmen fell on their faces and implored the gods to deliver them from the mysterious fighting machine which they had encountered with such deadly effect.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION

THE ship clear of the harbor, and a course laid for the Louisiade Islands, the Captain went below, where he found his wife and Mary crying and laughing by turns, with the native girl stoically surveying the strange scene, while his naked, half savage boy, locked in his mother's arms, looking from one to the other, wondering what all the fuss was about.

"Oh, Frank, just see how he is tanned, and he can't speak a word of English," said the hysterical mother with a fresh burst of tears that went around.

"Put some clothes on the little savage, and he won't show so much tan," said the Captain, holding out his hands to his boy, who while recognizing his father, nestled closely to his mother.

"Go bring his clothes, Mary, what are we thinking about?" "But, Frank how are we going to talk with him?"

"That is easily settled," said her husband, sending for Yellow Jack, who was installed interpreter in waiting to the Captain's wife, and he was "in waiting" all the time, had to eat between transmissions

of mother talk and small boy questions, and sleep when mother and son were forced to yield to nature's sweet restorer.

Although a heathen, Yellow Jack bore the torture with the fortitude of a Christian, and if at any time his savage nature rebelled, a reproachful glance from the wonderful eyes of his sister compelled his submission, and with a sigh resigned himself to his fate with a heroism worthy of a flame-enveloped martyr.

The ship arriving at the *Louisiade*, steamed up to her old berth off the village, and before the anchor left the cathead, the old white chief was on board, while his faithful subjects surrounded the ship and yelled themselves hoarse in honor of the occasion.

"Captain," said the king, "If you had taken my advice, and waited till I had declared war, you would have eaten them up. If the Captain of the "*Unicorn*" had taken my advice twenty years ago, he would not have lost his ship and all hands. If the crew had followed my example they would have been saved."

"If the Captain had taken your advice, you would not have been a king, and if the crew had followed your example, there would have been many rivals for the throne," replied the Captain.

"That sounds all right," said the king much amused, "but this is not the right kind of climate to reason, we act. I have declared war with the Stewart Island dogs.

"You need not have declared war on my account, for we have rescued the boy," said the Captain.

The king started, and nearly fell to the deck. It was the first surprise he had experienced for twenty years, and the sensation was too much for him.

"If you have rescued the boy, bring him out," said the king, recovering from the shock.

As if in compliance with the king's demand, the little savage rushed out of the cabin, followed by his mother, Mary, and the native girl, with Yellow Jack on hand to interpret whatever he might say. Seeing the natives on deck, he uttered a childish warwhoop, and was in the midst of them with his clothes off, before he could be captured. The king roared with laughter, sailors and natives joined in, while the Captain, officers, and the Frenchmen suppressed their merriment, as the little savage was carried off, by the three women to the cabin, closely followed by Yellow Jack, who was expected to interpret every word he had spoken while on deck.

"Your expedition would have been a failure, if it had not been for two of my subjects," said the king, as a last argument to prove the wisdom of his advice.

"I am not sure about the natives eating us up while we could produce an electric current," said the Captain, "but we owe our success to Yellow Jack and Joan," who had received that historic name in honor of her flight with the boy.

Joan was so much attached to the boy, that all the persuasions of her family could not induce her to leave him, and the Captain's wife looking upon her as the savior of her child, desired to adopt her. So it was settled, Yellow Jack was the interpreter, and he was added to the ship's company, if not to the Captain's family.

Louis was pleased to accept the Captain's invitation to accompany him to the States, and his companions to remain on board for the present.

The Captain had plenty to spare, and he gave the king everything he desired; furnished him with firearms and ammunition enough to place the Louisiade government on a substantial war footing, which would have terrified the Stewart Islanders if they had known of it. In return the king loaded the ship with the rich products of the island.

With genuine regret, the Captain sailed away from the island which had proven an aid to Louis and himself.

The Frenchmen were landed at Rio de Janeiro, and liberally supplied with money to start life again in a new country, where a man's past record is not inquired into very closely. Louis remained with the Captain.

A pleasant run from Rio brought the ship home after an absence of eight months, having made the circuit of the earth, and fulfilled her mission, and

for the first time in the history of the human race, no one regretted the lost opportunity of saying, "I told you so."

The ship was sold, and the cargo, presented by the old king, paid all the expenses of the voyage.

Mr. Baker was given command of the ship, and Bill was promoted to first officer or mate.

It was a struggle with Mary whether to remain with her Mistress, or marry Bill. Love conquered, and Mary and Bill were married in the presence of the whole ship's company, and many of the Captain's friends.

Darkey died of old age, lamented by all. His skin, artistically stuffed, occupies an honored position in the best furnished room in the house, adorned by a fresh wreath of flowers the year round. He was a noble brute with human instincts.

Louis and the Captain are constant companions, and Tom is never so happy as when he is signaled to make ready the boat for a cruise, and no captain of the navy takes so much pride in his ship as Tom, when sailing the Captain's yacht.

Joan, refined and pretty, is a loving and devoted daughter to her white parents. Harry, grown to manhood, is a soldier in the Philippines, where his foster sister followed as an army nurse to be near, and to care for her brother, who fully appreciates the devotion of the native girl, who supplied the place of

his mother, when he was a captive among the cannibals, and still watches over him with all the love and devotion of a mother and only sister combined.

The Captain's wife will not cross a bridge if she can go around it, but has taken to riding a wheel, which is the next dangerous thing to fighting pirates and cannibals.







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